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THE TYROL;

WITH

A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

BY

HENRY D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

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THE VALLEY OF THE EISACH TO BRIXEN.

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I have never, in descending any mountain, seen so sudden a change in the productions of nature, as here, between Sterzing and Klausen. The inclination of the road was indeed extraordinary; so great, that one was almost necessitated to run; and of course the alteration in temperature was great and sudden in proportion. I passed one

or two hamlets, where a little Indian corn was seen, as well as flax, and other productions of temperate climates; and cherry trees, and a few walnut trees, began to skirt the stream which continued to flow with unabated rapidity, and was constantly increasing in beauty.

The storm which I had foreseen, was now close at hand; but I was walking beneath so perfect a shade of overarching trees, that although it rained heavily, I was sheltered from its effect. Soon however, it came down in such torrents, that finding myself near a gate which appeared to lead to a respectable peasant's house, I thought it wisest to take refuge; and I lifted the latch accordingly, and passed in. It was, as I supposed, the house of a peasant, who in the Tyrol might be called in comfortable circumstances; a proprietor of the middle kind,—not rich, but with enough for the wants, and comforts of a family. A son who lived at Trent, and who was upon a visit to his father, of course spoke Italian, and a little French,—more convenient media of com-

munication, than the dialect of German spoken in the upper Tyrol. I was very kindly welcomed by the master of the house, and hospitably entertained; for although it was then but little after eleven o'clock, dinner was almost ready; and albeit my usual dinner hour was yet far off, I could not refuse to accept the hospitalities of the host, and to seat myself at table with his family.

I had every reason to be pleased that a storm had driven me among this Tyrol family; for it afforded me an opportunity which I might not otherwise have enjoyed, of seeing the menage, and inspecting the establishment of a respectable peasant. It is almost impossible that a traveller should obtain introductions to families of this rank: his introductions, if he have any, lie always among the upper classes; but in most countries, the habits of the upper classes are the same; and but little information respecting national usages and peculiarities, is to be obtained in these circles. The party that sat down to dinner, consisted of the peasant and his wife, hale

strong people, about fifty years of age; the son who had come from Trent; a younger son, just growing into manhood; twin daughters about sixteen years old,—and myself. The dinner, which had been prepared without any regard to me, consisted of soup of Indian corn and milk, of which I have already spoken, as a Tyrolean diet; a piece of boiled bacon about five lb. weight; a sallad; bread,—two thirds Indian corn, and one third wheat; butter; and wine of Botzen, which however, might possibly have been produced on my account. This was certainly an ample, and wholesome dinner for six persons.

The rain subsiding soon after dinner, I hinted to the master, that I should much like to see his establishment out of doors,—telling him frankly, that we in England knew but little respecting his country,—excepting that it was a romantic land, and nourished a brave and noble minded peasantry; and that I wished to have it in my power to tell my countrymen something about the Tyrol. My compliment was received with a

disclaiming shake of the head; and my desire was immediately gratified. The peasant and his family,—all excepting his wife,—accompanied me, while we walked over his little fields, and conversed as we went along.

The whole of the land owned by this peasant, appeared to me as nearly as I could judge by pacing it, as well as by the eye, to consist of about four acres. One third of the whole, as the proprietor informed me, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn; of the remaining two acres and two thirds, about half an acre was in wheat, and another half acre in barley; a quarter of an acre in flax; about an acre, or a little more in grass and wood; and about a quarter of an acre in garden, which contained cabbage, potatoes, sallad, and a few cherry trees. The Indian corn was all required in the establishment,—about one half for the family, and the other for winter provision for the cow: the sheaths, &c., were used as they are used in other parts of the Tyrol. Of the wheat, there was a considerable surplus; and

this, and the barley, were taken to the Brixen market, where they produced more than sufficient to purchase coffee, sugar, wine, such implements as were wanted from time to time, and such clothing for the family as was needed; and formed a small money stock besides,—which, after being applied to all the purchases beyond what the establishment itself produced, had amounted then to a considerable purse; but the owner did not tell me the amount; nor would it have been civil to have been more inquisitive. The flax was spun, and wove, and fashioned in the family. The grass was all needed, for summer pasture for the cow; the wood supplied firing; and the vegetables were looked upon rather as a dainty than an article of common use. The master and his son, with a little assistance from his daughters, managed and tilled the ground, which seemed a good lightish soil; and was remarkably clean; and in excellent order; and all the duties which fall to the care of a small farmer's wife in England, were here under the cognizance of the

peasant's wife and daughters. No cheese was made; because the soup consumed all the milk, excepting a little that was saved for butter. Besides the cow, there were two pigs, and a litter of young ones; and a number of hens. The dinner I had seen, was the regular dinner of the house; excepting about two days in the fortnight, when some fresh meat is bought in Brixen market, with the money, or a part of it—obtained by the sale of eggs and fowls.

From all this, it will appear, that there is little difference in the menage here, and in the family of a small English farmer, excepting in the growth and use of Indian corn; and in the absence of what is called stock; for the Tyrolean small proprietors work entirely by spade husbandry; and have no occasion for the outlay of an English farm. Supposing, as is sometimes supposed, that an English farmer has a clear surplus, of one third of the produce, after rent, taxes, labour, and seed are paid for, it would follow, that an English farmer occupying twelve acres,

could live as well as the Tyrolean proprietor of four acres; for I would state against the little outlay for stock and implements necessary to labour twelve acres, the taxes and other expenses, which the Tyrolean said, amounted to one sixth part nearly of his produce. But an English occupier of twelve acres, cannot live so well as the Tyrolean peasant with four acres; and I do not see any way of accounting for this, unless by ascribing it to the culture of Indian corn, which enters so largely into the system of husbandry pursued by the Tyrolean. It is eaten three times a day, by all the members of the family, in the shape of soup, with milk; and is the bread of the family besides: and with a sufficiency of bacon, and vegetables, and fresh meat two or three days in the fortnight, the Tyrolean peasant family may be said to live comfortably. Coffee is considered a luxury, and is only used occasionally.

It is quite certain that the same quantity of land—one acre and one third,—which, in the establishment I speak of, was devoted to the cul-

ture of Indian corn, (one half of which quantity only, (i.e.) two thirds of an acre, was used in the family,) would, if dedicated either to wheat or to any other grain, have been totally insufficient to support a family of six persons: especially without the constant addition of cheese, which, both night and morning, forms an article of subsistence in an English farm-house. Two thirds of an acre of wheat, will produce fourteen bushels, at the most; this may produce sixteen of flour; one bushel of flour will, with the usual additions, support a family of six persons, one week; and therefore the produce of two thirds of an acre, producing altogether sixteen bushels, would suffice for only thirty-two weeks, leaving one third part of the year unprovided for.

The Tyrolean peasant told me, that he had never known his crop of Indian corn fail; though it had varied of course; but that his wheat had several times been unproductive; sometimes owing to insects,—sometimes without being able to assign any cause. Severe rains had also beaten

it down and much injured it. It is fair that I should add, as a slight qualification of what I said, when speaking of the Indian corn, and the climate of the valley of the Inn, that the peasant attributed (with what justice I cannot tell) the unfailing crops of Indian corn, partly to the warm winds, which for a time during the spring, always blow from the south. It must be observed however, that he made this remark, when speaking of the deep snows that lay long in the valley, and partly with reference to the effect of the wind in melting them. I omitted to say, when speaking of the interior menage, that during the winter, the table of the Tyrolean peasant is varied by a plentiful supply of hares, and game of various kinds, which are obtained for the trouble of hunting them.

After having satisfied myself, and obtained all the information I was able, we returned to the house; which was sufficiently commodious, and provided apparently with every common article of household use; and as it had again begun to

rain, I was obliged a little longer, to avail myself of its hospitalities. Notwithstanding that the master complained of the taxes, and particularly, of the price of salt, so much of which was wanted for his bacon, he was a happy peasant; and his family, a cheerful peasant family. It was a fine looking family too: the master, although as he told me, turned fifty-four, scarcely seemed forty; the son from Trent, a fine young man, clothed as he was in the modern fashion, did not look sufficiently national; but the other son, with his tight breeches, showing his well turned, and strongly knit limb; and his short jacket, was a noble specimen of a young Tyrolean peasant. As for the twin-daughters, they were fair, good looking girls with short, and not too many petticoats, and dressed with great propriety and neatness. As early hours seemed to be kept here as at Brenner: they told me they breakfasted a little after six; and supped at the same hour, at night. I have already said that dinner was served about half-past eleven.

The rain had entirely ceased for some time; and desirous of reaching Brixen, I took leave of my kind entertainer; but not without a cup of coffee, and cordial of anise-spirit being presented to me: and shaking hands all round, which is a Tyrolean as well as an English fashion, I proceeded on my way down the margin of the impetuous Eisach.

Between this spot, and Brixen, the scenery still continues to be charming: two considerable streams had joined the Eisach since leaving Sterzing; so that the mountain rivulet was now almost a river. With the wildest and most picturesque scenes, softness was beautifully mingled; and at every step, cultivation was gaining upon the empire of barenness: the valley had widened, —or rather, the ravine had widened into a valley; for with the exception of the little amphitheatre, where lay the few acres of the peasant, there had scarcely been a vacant rood of land left between the torrent and its banks, all the way from Sterzing. It was a beautiful sunset as ever glinted

up a mountain glen, as I walked towards Brixen. I met several flocks of sheep, and some cattle, going up to summer pasture; and a considerable number of waggons passed upwards, laden with wine of the lower Tyrol, for the use of the capital. Just before reaching Brixen, the valley again contracts into a narrow gorge; and then immediately beyond, widens into a fine fertile vale, in which stands Brixen, which I walked into about eight o'clock.

Brixen, although a bishopric, is a small town, without trade or manufacture of any kind. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Rienz, and the Eisach, and is surrounded by fertility. Here, for the first time, is seen the vine: but the country and climate, are yet too upland, to produce wine of much excellence. They make both red and white wine; but neither of them is generous or well flavoured, though great quantities of Brixen wine are consumed at Brixen, Sterzing, Pruneken, and in the valley of the Inn: the vine is accordingly extensively cultivated, and they

find a means of doing this with much economy of land; for the vine is planted in wooden troughs or mangers, at intervals of about four yards; an arch is formed with twigs, across, from one to the other, and the vine therefore forms a bower above,—while the ground beneath, produces grain of one kind or another: they have therefore a double crop from the land, with only the deduction of the first outlay. The effect of this manner of planting is singular, and certainly gives great richness to the landscape: but the thick foliage of the vines, preventing the access of the sun to the crops beneath, must be injurious to them. They no doubt find their advantage however, in the system they adopt, else they would discontinue it.

Cherries and some other fruits are much grown in the neighbourhood. The Tyrol, is indeed throughout a fruit country,—and sends fruit even as far as Munich: Inspruck is altogether supplied from the growths of Botzen, and its neighbourhood. The cherry season had begun, when

I was at Brixen, but the cherries were not to be had in much perfection. I purchased some for which I paid 1½d. per lb. It was also the barley harvest; and the peasantry were all in the fields getting it in: it was cut with the scythe: how great a difference in climate and production, a morning's walk had shewn me! at six in the morning, all the pools crusted with ice, and in the afternoon, the ripe barley gathered in.

Brixen formerly possessed the same jurisdiction as Trent: it sent deputies to the diet of the empire; and in the year 1080, a council was held at Brixen, by the emperor Henry the Fourth, at which Gregory the Seventh was deposed. Thinking of these things, I wandered towards the cathedral,—and found mass going on, and the church crowded: under the porch, were several women sitting with baskets of cherries, one of whom performed the double vocation of selling fruit, and of sprinkling those who entered, with holy water. I observed in walking in the neighbourhood, that upon the heights where vines

were cultivated, walls were built, intersecting the hills exposed to the south, so that by the reflexion of the sun's rays, the climate of the vine is made warmer. The same plan I have seen adopted, where one would imagine it to be less needed,—on the banks of the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon; where the hermitage, and côte rotie, are grown.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EASTERN TYROL.

Journey from Brixen towards Lienz: necessity of retracing one's steps in the Tyrol. Muhlback, and entry to the Pusterthall; education; manners; morals; valley of the Rienz; Muhlback fortress; St. Lorenzen; a Tyrolean village feast; dress; French and Tyrolean holidays; journey to Prunecken.

It is difficult, sometimes impossible, in journeying through the Tyrol, to avoid retracing one's steps; unless indeed, the traveller be contented to forego all, for the pathless mountains: and these it must be recollected, do not offer, in the Tyrol, the same compensation for what is exchanged for them, as in Switzerland. They offer indeed, their own silent charms; their precipices, and rocks, and tarns, and lights and shadows, and mists, and snows, and glaciers: but they

offer little else. In Switzerland it is different: for there, in forsaking the life of the valley, you enter upon the life of the mountain. Not the solitary shepherd, with his two or three dumb things around him; but the thriving colony. The far-up pastures are covered with life: a thousand cattle low on the mountain sides: and in place of the one miserable chalet, you find the store-houses of towns and cities,—those immense cheese dairies, that provide for the wants and luxuries of half a continent. In Switzerland therefore, the traveller who would make himself acquainted with the manners, or statistics of the country, must penetrate into the mountain: and consequently, in place of retracing his steps down the same valley which he has travelled up, he has sufficient temptation to strike across the mountains; since he knows, that besides their own glories, they will offer him glimpses of life and manners, as well as useful information, which lie apart from the towns and the valleys But the solitary shepherd, or the shepherd's hut, are all

there is of human life, to vary the journey among the Tyrolean Alps; and for this reason, I sometimes preferred returning by the road I had already traversed, to seeking variety, by a mountain path which offered nothing beyond variety.

These observations are particularly applicable to the Pustherthall, which forms the whole of that valley which is partly traversed by the river Rienz, and which extends from Brixen to the eastern frontier of the Tyrol, on the side of Carinthia. My purpose was, to reach Lienz, the frontier town; and after a detour among the mountains, including the great Glochner, to return, by the same valley to Brixen.

About four in the afternoon, I left Brixen, purposing only to reach Muhlback,—about two leagues and a half distant—the same evening. The first part of the road ascends the Eisach, and then crossing it, mounts a steep ravine, which, after a league of sterile country, brings the traveller to the entrance of the Pusterthall; where, about a league and a half before me, deep in the

hollow, I saw the little town of Muhlback. The country through which I was now passing, seemed little susceptible of cultivation; it is broken and rocky; here and there, I observed a small vineyard; patches of rie were scattered, wherever a sufficient depth of soil permitted; and some cherry and walnut trees might be seen in the sheltered spots: but the character of the entrance to the Pusterthall is barrenness. A rapid descent brought me to the rapid, and rather pretty town of Muhlback, which I entered just as seven chimed.

Never did I eat better trout, than at supper in the little inn, in Muhlback; seldom better bread, or better cherry pie; and the landlady too, the artist of the two latter, did me the honor to sup with me; and was not a little gratified by the praise I bestowed upon her handiwork. Here, I found an improvement in female dress. The hideous cap, and superabundant petticoats were thrown aside; and as I ascended the Pusterthall, I found improved features also, among the women.

A few glasses of very sour wine, the produce of my hostess's vineyard, I could not refuse to drink; and in return for my complaisance, I received from her, some scraps of information worth communicating, since they regard matters respecting which she was as likely to be well informed as any other person. In this part of the Pusterthall, there are no great proprietors. With few exceptions, the peasant cultivates his own land. Education is very scantily diffused: my informant had three children, eight, eleven, and fifteen years old, not one of whom, could write: and of whom, the eldest only could read with any correctness, She had lived all her life in Muhlback, and did not recollect of any theft being committed; neither could she recollect any instance of conjugal infidelity, and but one, some years before, of the birth of an illegitimate child. Marriages are early contracted in this valley: when a young man has reached his one or two and twentieth year, his father advises him to look out for a wife; and if a girl has reached fifteen,

or at most sixteen, her parents think it time to settle her. Presuming that large families might be the consequence, I made the enquiry if such were the case, "Oh no," said she, "few choose to have more than five children." I did not pursue the enquiry farther. My hostess' daughter was just turned fifteen. From her appearance, I should have thought of presenting her with a doll, rather than with a husband. I was also informed, that this part of the Pusterthall is remarkable for the longevity, as well as for the good health of its inhabitants. The former of these facts is pretty well based upon the truth of the latter: and its truth is not badly demonstrated by the fact, that in Muhlback, containing about eight hundred inhabitants, there is only one medical man,—who is among the poorest men of the town.

I had half thought of spending a day in the neighbourhood of Muhlback, in ascending the little trouting stream that here flows into the Rienz; but a piece of information which I re-

look,—awkward indeed, and clumsy; but nevertheless, something different from his every day, working look. Not so the Tyrolean: meet him with his spade over his shoulder; or see him pause in his labour to glance at you as you pass him by,—he is grave and erect: look at him at his village feast, engaged in feats of mirth and gallantry,—he is the same: his dress is gay, gayer a thousand times, than that of a Frenchman; but his gait—his movements are solemn; his expression, grave, and dignified. The gesticulation which he shows when passing the bottle, amid a few friends in an inn parlour, disappears when he goes into the eye of the public.

Near the spot where I stood, there might be between two and three hundred persons; rather the larger proportion women: these, contrasted with French women at a village feast, certainly did not appear to advantage. Not because French women are handsomer; but because the Tyrolean women know little, the art of setting off their persons to advantage; a singular enough

ceived from my hostess altered my intention, and urged me forward to St. Lorenzen, a little town lying about two leagues beyond Muhlback: the next day was the feast day at St. Lorenzen; but as the evening, not the morning, is the season of feasts, I remained at Muhlback till after breakfast; and paying one florin for supper, bed and breakfast, took the road up the Pusterthall.

After leaving Muhlback, the valley of the Rienz contracts into a gloomy and wooded ravine; and here at about a mile distant, I reached an old, rude, and half ruined fortress, called Muhlbacker Clause, with three towers, one, close to the river, the other two on the mountain side; and extending across the road, which passes under an antique arch. I was surprised to see this fortress deserted, and no whiskered Austrians loitering about its gateway; for it certainly commands the entrance to the Pusterthall, and indeed, to the whole of the Tyrol, from the Carinthian side. I lingered a while in the precincts of this place; and gathered on one of the towers, some of the

most beautiful wall-flower, that ever sent around its lonely fragrance. Soon after leaving this spot, I found the valley expand, for a little space, and in this little open spot stands the hamlet of Unt Vintel, where I found nothing to arrest my steps; and not long after mid-day, I reached my destined halting place—the village of St. Lorenzen.

It may easily be supposed, that a quiet room, in a quiet inn, on the feast day of the village, was not to be looked for; but a little noise and confusion may well be endured, if in compensation for repose, the traveller obtain some glimpses of national manners. I was told, that the feast had scarcely begun; the fore part of the day was devoted to church-going; and the evening to dancing and jollity. Devotion however, did not exclusively occupy the peasantry: every one of the five or six rooms in the inn, was full of company; and the sour wine of the country seemed to circulate freely; and judging by the volubility of tongue, and the abundance of gesticulation, one might conclude, that it had circulated to some purpose.

Early in the afternoon, I sallied out, in search of the chief scene of festivity; and found it in rather a singular spot,—no other than an outer part of the church-yard. Tyroleans scarcely need to change their dresses, to make them holiday dresses; less than any, the peasantry of the Pusterthall. Perhaps an additional bow of green ribbon had been added to the ornaments of the hat; perhaps a pair of new green silk suspenders had been put on for the first time; but the dress was the same as that which the peasant wears at his ordinary occupations. But there is such a thing as a holiday look—a holiday face,—as well as a holiday dress; and in the absence of this, lies the difference between a village feast in France, and in the Tyrol. It is not merely the knot of ribbons, or bunch of flowers in a Frenchman's vest, that proclaims the holiday; but the face also. "Vive la gaieté,"—"Vive la bagatelle," are written on every feature, and are seen in every gesture. Nay, even John Bull, at a village fair, carries with him a sort of holiday

fact, since this art is so well understood by the men. The dancing bore a greater resemblance to English country dances, than to French quadrilles: and although there was perhaps, infinitely less of what might be called good dancing, than would probably be exhibited on a similar occasion in France, there was more dignity of motion; and, I think, more true grace. The women were, with few exceptions, remarkably young; the same persons were partners in many successive dances; and I learned from a bye-stander, that several of the girls were affianced to those with whom they danced: and that in these circumstances, to have danced with any others, would have been considered an impropriety.

Notwithstanding the gravity, with which the amusements of the evening were conducted, yet, judging by their long continuance, they appeared to afford much gratification to those engaged in them. When it became nearly dark, I left the festive scene, and sought mine inn; to which I

was glad to find, few of the villagers returned. It appeared however, that the gaiety ceased soon after I quitted it; for, although during the next hour, an occasional sound of mirth sometimes reached my ear, it appeared that even a feast day interfered little, with the primitive manners of the Pusterthall; for before eleven o'clock, the little town of St. Lorenzen was as quiet as if no such saint as Lorenzo, had ever deigned to become its patron. I omitted to say, that the music, which animated the dance, consisted of two flutes, or rather fifes; a horn, a drum, and a fiddle; all the instruments, but the last, played by Tyroleans; the fiddle, by an itinerant Italian. I have seldom heard more indifferent music at any village feast in any country, than at this feast of St. Lorenzen. In France, if the music be bad, the instruments are often tolerably played; if in Germany, the execution be sometimes indifferent, the music is good; even in England, a barrel organ is found, to grind in tune, if not in time: but here, music, instruments, execution, all were bad.

I must conclude my sketch of the feast of St. Lorenzen, by again asserting, that the Tyrol is an unmusical country. The peasantry look as if they had something more important to think of, than piping.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PUSTERTHALL.

Prunecken; Tyrolean inn-keepers; a landlord's opinion; an example of espionnage; Austrian policy; journey to the source of the Drave.

PRUNECKEN lies only two leagues beyond St. Lorenzen; and notwithstanding the assurance of my hostess, that coffee was not to be had anywhere in the Tyrol, so excellent as at St. Lorenzen; and that hot cakes were in the oven, I was not tempted by these promises; but took the road to Prunecken; where I arrived after a two hours' walk, not without hopes, that the coffee of Prunecken might be as good as that of St. Lorenzen; and the cakes of Indian corn, as sweet and hot.

Prunecken is the principal town of the Pusterthall; and yet a very little town nevertheless. It has its church and its convent; and one or two streets, and a little market place; and is a perfect picture of a quiet country town; which ought rather however, to hold a middle place between a town and a village. Prunecken is just such a place, as a man not pinched for time, an angler, and one fond of rural things, and primitive habits, might make his head-quarters for the month of June. Excepting on market-day, there is no bustle in it; it is the picture of repose; there is nobody in the street, for every one is tilling his own land: it is only towards evening, that the village is a-stir: in the forenoon, matrons are seen sitting at their doors, spinning; and children are here and there playing in the street; but the men and the maidens are in the fields. About sunset however, the peasantry are seen straggling homeward; and evening brings with it, its indoor pictures of life; and other, and merrier sounds are heard, than the rushing of the Rienz.

And then who could quarrel with the situation of Prunecken. It is in the centre of a broken amphitheatre, which the high grounds here, leave on each side of the Rienz: and this amphitheatre is a rich and picturesque assemblage of fertile crops, fine pasture, and wood; disposed as if the hand of art had dealt out the bounty of nature. Scenery too, of a totally different character, is within the reach of a forenoon's ramble. A mountain stream of considerable magnitude descends from the mountains to the north, and joins the Rienz, in the neighbourhood of Prunecken; and the scenery of the valley, through which the stream descends, affords views of a character different from those of the greater and wider valleys. It is also up this lateral valley that the angler would pursue his sport.

My inn at Prunecken was the best house in the town; and the inn-keeper had the reputation of being the wealthiest man. This is not unusual in the Tyrol: the most respectable land-owners, are most commonly inn-keepers; at least, with

few exeptions, the inn-keepers are considerable land-owners; and there certainly attaches to the character and calling of an inn-keeper in this country, a respectability beyond that which attaches to it elsewhere Nor are the wealth and rank in society of the inn-keeper, productive of the consequences which might partly be expected; and which are found in other countries in similar circumstances. The inn-keeper is not above his calling; and if he does not attend personally to the wants of his guests, others are deputed to discharge those duties, which they invariably perform well. The active person in the larger inns, is most commonly not the mistress of the house, but a house-keeper—a middle-aged woman, who orders and regulates all within the house, and who, with her rotund person, sagacious face, and enormous bunch of keys, exercises her delegated dictatorship with wisdom and alacrity. In some of the inns, this notable personage is assisted by the daughters of the house; and even then, she continues to exercise the chief

authority. In the smaller inns of the Tyrol, this factotum is awanting; and where the guest is provided and waited npon by the mistress and her family, it is generally in his power, if he will, to board with the family. This, is no doubt the preferable mode of proceeding, for a traveller who is desirous of using more faculties in pursuit of information, than that of sight; and it is therefore a good reason for prefering the small inns. At Prunecken, however, the smaller inns were too small; and the great house was enticingly comfortable. There is always a substitute for boarding with the family, if one prefer the greater inn. The landlord is ever ready to give information; and will never refuse the invitation of a respectable traveller, to spend half an hour with him, and to answer all questions that may be propounded, provided the questioner be discreet upon politics. Upon this subject, the traveller must be wary, for unless the subject be introduced in a certain way, and the enquiry conducted with a certain tact, the Tyrolean will

generally refuse questioning—civilly, but obstinately. But the word tact, requires explanation; without explanation, a conclusion the very reverse of the correct one would be drawn. An incident in the inn at Prunecken will reveal my meaning.

I arrived as I have said, to breakfast; coffee was prepared; hot cakes were baked; and these, with other adjuncts, were set before me. Hearing the voice of one, who, from what he said, I concluded to be the host, I requested to be favoured with his company, if he had a quarter of an hour to spare: and he accordingly entered, and took his seat by me at table. After praising the situation of Prunecken, and asking some insignificant questions, I put into my mouth, a morsel of the cake which had just been baked; and finding it rather saltless, I said, "your wheat and Indian corn are sweet as a nut; and 'tis very hard, that these Austrians laying a tax on your own salt, prevents honest Tyroleans, from putting enough into their cakes."

"It is the worst trick," said he without hesitation, "our masters ever played us." I forget what precise conversation followed this; but it was to the same effect. After a little while however, I said, "Are you not afraid to speak your mind so freely to a stranger?" "No," said he; "because you speak plump and open. We have had spies here often; they always went to work in a round-about way; and showed they were afraid of raising suspicion: if you had asked what the reason was, that the cake had little salt in it, I should have been suspicious, and silent; but I knew you were no spy, by your manner of speaking; coming to the point at once." These may not be the precise words, but they are very nearly so; and I invariably found, that in attempting to get at a political opinion in a circuitous way, I failed in my object; whereas, by plain speaking, I instantly disarmed suspicion.

But before taking leave of Prunecken, I must not omit to record one most singular fact. The conversation which I had with the inn-keeper, at

breakfast, was not the only one that passed betwixt us: he partook a bottle of the red wine of Botzen, with me after dinner; and spoke without any hesitation, of the irritation created among his countrymen, by the encreasing severities and oppressions of the Austrian government. He told me, among other things, that a few months before, a travelling merchant had arrived at Prunecken, who, after residing a few weeks at one of the inns, opened a small shop for general merchandize. He was a good natured jovial fellow; and not over hard in driving a bargain; and business encreased upon him. Meanwhile the month of February, and with it, the anniversary of Hofer's death, arrived; and the stranger, who had by this time, become intimate with many of the townspeople, invited seven of them to a snug feast, which he meant to give on the anniversary of Hofer's martyrdom,—as it is often called. The company assembled, and the feast was excellent; there was better wine there, than even the red wine of Botzen: and tongues began to get

loose. "I was one of the guests," said the innkeeper: "but I had all along my suspicions. The host proposed the memory of Hofer; and this toast soon led to talking of the cause he supported. Zu grunde mit Osterreich (down with the Austrians) cried out one; Freiheit Zur Tyrol, (Independence to the Tyrol,) roared another; by this time my suspicions of our entertainer were confirmed by his expression, and his manner. 'Let this,' said he, standing up with a full glass in his out-stretched arm, 'be sacred to a glorious cause; let all who are willing to unite themselves in a bond to deliver their country, from foreign oppression, drain to the dregs!" "No," said I, "my friends, refuse to drink; even supposing our cause were just, what could we do; trust me, Joseph Schenk, who have lived among you all my life, harm is meant you!" Some laid down their glasses; but three drank, and again cried out Zu grunde mit Osterreich,—Freiheit Zur Tyrol. I left the table: and the three who had hearkened to my advice followed me. A few

days afterwards, our host, who called himself Kalb, made a pretence of a journey to Trent; he never returned; and about ten days afterwards, the three individuals, whom I left at table, were arrested, and sent to Inspruck; and I have since heard, they were removed from thence to Salzburg, and are now imprisoned at Lienz, no doubt on the testimony of Kalb."

This is a pretty illustration of Metternich policy. The inn-keeper told me, that these men did not differ in sentiments, from the rest of their towns-men; but they were all three persons of some consideration, and with the exception of himself, the wealthiest in the town. Ever since the French revolution of 1830, espionnage has been carried on to a dreadful extent in the Tyrol, and consequences have resulted from it, most fatal to individual liberty.

The mention of the French revolution, recalls to my recollection, the sentence with which I began this chapter, that I had a singular fact to record; for the facts, with which I have just been

occupied, though singular enough, are less singular, than that which I had then in view, and which yet remains to be told. It is no less than this: that in the summer 1831, the inn-keeper at Prunecken, one of the most respectable persons in the town, knew scarcely anything of the French, and nothing at all, of the Belgian revolutions of 1830. He had heard, that there was a new king of France; but who had placed him on the throne, and of the why, and the wherefore, he knew nothing: he had never read any account of the struggle; and remembered, that about that time, no Austrian papers were received. It is also a singular fact, that the failure of Mina's attempt on Spain, was well known to the inn-keeper: he remembered very full accounts of the affair being not only published in the Austrian papers received in the Tyrol, but circulated on separate sheets from Inspruck, or Trent, he did not recollect which. Such are the means resorted by a bad, and tyrannical government, to quell the hopes which love of freedom inspires: and

here, in the Tyrol, in the very heart of civilized Europe, the people were ignorant of the triumphs which had been achieved by the oppressed; but fully informed of the successful resistance of absolute governments to revolutionary movements, —ignorant of all that had proved the strength of a people, when united in the cause of freedom,— but instructed, respecting all those events from which any conclusion could be drawn, favourable to the strength of crowned heads.

Believing as I do in the hopelessness of any present attempt to assert the independence of the Tyrol, I did not enlarge upon the blessings of freedom. I gave the inn-keeper a brief detail of the events that had taken place in France and Belgium; and explained to him, how the failure of Mina in Spain, resulted not from the strength of despotism, but from the want of union among the people. And with these explanations, I sought the portly dame who carried the keys; paid my bill, and walked out of Prunecken, in hopes that at the next town, I might find as good

cheer, and as communicative a host: and leaving men, and politics behind, I again courted the companionship of nature.

The character of the country, through which I passed, between Prunecken and Sillian, is of a wilder character than the lower Pusterthall; and unlike what I have generally observed in Switzerland, the industry of the people does not encrease in proportion with the obstacles to be overcome. The houses, one or two of which I entered on pretence of being thirsty, I found inferior in comfort and arrangements to those either of the Innthal, or the lower Pusterthall; though not by any means exhibiting signs of destitution. I saw no starved looking parents, or ragged children; and I was invariably offered plenty of good milk, which I was only allowed to pay for in the shape of some little offering to the children.

About three leagues beyond Prunecken, near to Niederndorf, the road to Lienz leaves the river Rienz, which descends the valley from the south; the road continuing to run eastward. The Rienz

rises a few leagues south of this point, among the outposts of the Carnic Alps, and runs a course altogether, of about fifty miles. I did not ascend the valley from which it descends; it did not appear to present any very attractive features; and merely pausing to glance up its irregular defile, I passed on to Sillian on my way to Lienz. From Niederndorf, for a little way, we are without a stream for a companion; but before reaching Sillian, we fall in with the Drave, which accompanies the traveller to Lienz, and which afterwards forms an important feature on the map of Europe, and takes its place among the great rivers of the continent.

I have a fancy,—it may be a foolish one; but it is a fancy I have generally indulged,—to visit the sources of rivers, if the chances of my journey throw me in their vicinity. At the village of Innicken, which I had reached, I saw the Drave pass by, a mere rivulet; and having informed myself, that I was not two leagues from its source, I entered a little inn; and having provided my-

self, with some hard eggs, and bread, I walked up the bank of the stream.

The greatest rivers have not always the most striking sources; but the extrinsic interest of a river's source is the same, whether it lie among tame or magnificent scenery. The source of the Drave, at which I arrived after an agreeable walk of about two hours, is wild, without being imposing; it is a lake, about half a mile across, lying among the outposts of the mountains; but not at any great height; nor surrounded with any very striking features. The lake has many tiny feeders; and the Drave issues from it in a stream, across which, one may leap without difficulty. From small beginnings however, the Drave acts an important part. It traverses the southern Austrian empire; Carinthia aud Styria, —forms the boundary between Croatia and Sclavonia, and Hungary; and mingles its waters with the Danube, on the borders of Turkey.

Seated on a stone, on the margin of the lake, just where the Drave issues from it, I fell into a

train of thought on the subject of rivers,—the rivers of Europe,—of the world; their comparative magnitude,—their utility, their features,—their course,—their sources; and these shall form the subject of a separate chapter, of which I trust the subject is deserving.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAPTER ON RIVERS.*

How many delightful recollections; how many fine associations; how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature: but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper—not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common

* These thoughts on rivers formed the subject of a paper communicated by the author, to the Monthly Magazine, in February, 1832. But they were part of the manuscript of these volumes,—and originated, in viewing the source of the Drave, and in the circumstances stated above.

features: they are both gardens; only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sublimity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance—they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet, they are both called rivers: the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the new world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties; to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common, with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear, there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word river.

I would make the following classification:—First come the mighty rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Oronooko. Then follow the great rivers—a more numerous class—the St. Lawrence, the Misissippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others: but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third grade: these I would designate the large rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term great river, and large river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous; and of this class, which I would call considerable rivers, we may find examples at home. Father Thames takes the lead; and the Severn, and perhaps the Trent, the Clyde, the Tweed, the

Tyne, and the Tay, may be entitled to the same distinction. Abroad, it would be easy to name a hundred such; let me content myself with naming the Loire, the Meuse, the Soane, the Garonne, the Adige, and the Maine. Fifthly, come the small rivers. Multitudinous they are, and not to be enumerated in the compass of a chapter; but, as examples, I may name the Wye, the Dart, the Derwent, the Dee, the Aire, the Spey, the Ex, and a thousand such; while on the continent, of the same class, may be mentioned the Gave, the Seine, the Reuss, or the Sambre. The word river can no longer be employed. Now come the family of streams—nameless, unless to those who live upon their banks: then follow rivulets: and lastly, we close the enumeration with rills.

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree different. With the mighty rivers we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is

a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the great river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined: the sun rises on one bank and sets on another: we have a vision of cities, and even of commerce: but with these associations of life, many dreary ones are mingled,—African deserts; American forests; flocks of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations—now, indeed, recollections—called up by the third class! We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life and utility are vividly present with us. Our associations with the fourth class are similar, but more varied, and more defined. These lie nearer home; and with the ample stream of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Garonne, are presented a thousand images of cheerfulness and activity,—the very opposite of those which were associated with the mighty rivers of the new world, giving no

token of man or his works. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next class. We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the mill-wheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms; but it is familiar with the charms of nature: it visits by turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace, to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the rifest of all, in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day—upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler "leaps up" at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting

stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recals pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshipper of nature, who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a steam, without a rod. But the rivulet and the rill yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different. Rivulet—

> Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now
> The chances of thy journey, since first thou,
> From thy deep-prisoned well, away didst break,
> A solitary pilgrimage to take.
> Among the quiet valleys, I do ween
> Thou with the daisied tufts of tender green,
> Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake
> With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low,
> Stealing her nectar from the wild bee's wooing?
> And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)
> With many a modest violet, that looks
> Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.
> Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!

As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—

far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—so beautifully described by Coleridge, as

> "The noise as of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods, all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers, whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated: but at the hazard of appearing singular, I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features; but it is certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than be-

tween Schaffhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhone, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers—of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville, all the attractions it possessed between Seville, and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it is not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginning of great rivers, when they too, are small, that we must go to feast with nature. The Gave, the Reuss, the Wye, the Dee, or the Spey, will satisfy the most extravagant expectations of the most ardent worshipper; and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrennees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more companionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing our companion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger; receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, inasmuch as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy; and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must have its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, leap over it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources

of rivers. "Throwing my shoes off," says Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, "I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant: the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers. I after this, came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment." This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural; and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the enquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps per se—in reaching the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers, some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in

part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the western hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered. What appearances of nature may preside over their birth, we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce, that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of

them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain: the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and, as being the source "par excellence," we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave, and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marboré; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contempla-

tion of a river's source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which wells forth the Ohio or Mississipi of the western hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world, to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be deserts: or, place at the source of the Rhine, the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different channel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world: the historian would recal to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has been the barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties: the novelist would see only the grey ruins of the baronial castles that frown upon its heights; and would recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the legends that tell the

achievements of chivalry, or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images; a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away,—beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting, even if a battle had never been fought upons its banks, or if its time-worn castles had never been built for any other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER DRAVE.

Sillian; hints to travellers; Mad. De Cottin's Elizabeth; Lienz; political feelings; a Croatian merchant: the Carnic Alps; excursion to the mountains; an Alpine village; the Glochner; a storm; traits of character; return through the Pusterthall.

THE sun came slauntingly from behind the Julian Alps, before I rose, to leave the source of the Drave: it was greatly later than I had expected; the day had flown away unaccountably fast; and the declining sun, as well as the scantiness of the repast I had carried with me from Innicken, urged me onward. The sun had set when I reached Innicken; and it yet wanted a good league to Sillian; but a leisurely walk to one's resting place, in what is called the cool of the

evening, no traveller can grumble at; especially if pleasant recollections are behind, and pleasant anticipations before: and if dusk even should gather round his path, and the stars meet overhead, or the moon peer above the mountain top, he will bless the delay that has given him such sweet companionship. How pleasant is it when the hot sun has sunk, and when the dews begin to fall, to lift the covering from one's brows; and while the freshness communicates new vigour to the limbs, to meet the cool breath of evening; and inhale it as it comes in little gushes, pure and exhilirating as the welling of a mountain spring.

Sillian is not accustomed to be selected by travellers as night quarters. I enquired of a peasant—one of the few inhabitants I met in the street, which was the best inn? he told me there was but one; and obligingly showed me the house. It was certainly the most indifferent house of entertainment I had met with in the Tyrol. But the people were civil, and anxious

to do their best; and by and bye something like supper was produced. It was not indeed very dainty; but there was enough. With good new bread, and new milk, a traveller can dispense with compassion. The want of cheese, is however a serious one in the Tyrol: in Switzerland, excellent cheese is always to be had, to eke out a chance repast: but the Tyrolean cheese, (where it is to be had at all) is uneatable. To the eye, the Tyrolean pasture appears inferior: but there must be other reasons than this; they have not the art of making cheese, because they have not the incentive: cheese is not the staple of the Tyrol: there is no demand for it. If Sillian was the most indifferent of inns, it was also the cheapest. The charge for supper and bed, did not reach one shilling English. Breakfast, I resolved to seek at the first village on my way.

That first village presented so little attractive an exterior, that I walked on to the second; and I must candidly acknowledge, that had it been after, in place of before breakfast, I should have

enjoyed my journey more. Dr. Johnson observes somewhere, that in order to enjoy one's dinner, the conversation must not make any very extensive excursions beyond the horizon of the dinner table, which is the same as if the doctor had expressed himself in more general terms, and said, that all pleasures are most enjoyed, when the powers of the mind are concentrated upon them. And so it is in travelling: upon the same principle that a couple of metaphysicians discussing the question of liberty and necessity, might discuss at the same time a brace of woodcocks without discovering their flavour, so a traveller, with a mind abstracted or occupied, may pass through the most charming scenery in the world, without being sensible of its beauty. This was not indeed precisely my case on the morning in question. I was sufficiently aware of the interest of the country; but I was unable to concentrate my attention upon it. I was anxious to get on; anxious to see the smoke, or the church tower of a village; in short, gentle reader,—I was hungry.

Let me take this opportunity of throwing together a few words of advice. There is such a thing as being an epicure in travelling, as in every thing else. The relish of every enjoyment under the sun, may be heightened by art; and epicurism may enter into them all. Now it certainly is a pity, that we should not heighten an enjoyment to the utmost pitch of which it is susceptible; and of all the enjoyments of life, with which I am acquainted, there is no one into which epicurism enters so little as travelling; and which yet, is so suseeptible of its aid. I have met travellers in all parts of Europe; and I question if I ever could have said of any one, "he is an epicure in travelling." It would be no difficult matter, to write several chapters upon epicurism in travelling; but such a digression would lead me away, and detain my readers too long from the banks of the Drave: and besides I have digressed so lately, that I am scarcely at liberty so soon again, to make an excursion into so wide a field of philosophy as that into which

epicurism in human enjoyment would unavoidably lead me. I promise a separate post 8vo. on the subject.

The road between Sillian and the village where I breakfasted, twice crosses the Drave; and leads one through a fine, rather open country, which constantly encreases in fertility. I do not recollect the name of the village whose church tower at length greeted my sight; but I recollect, it was welcomed as it deserved to be; and, I left it to proceed to Lienz, precisely in that frame of mind which is most favourable for the enjoyment of a journey. But let me not omit a small circumstance that deserves a record. "This," said Johnson, seeing a tattered copy of Thompson's seasons lying in the window of a little inn, "this is true immortality." In the window of the little inn where I breakfasted, lay an old, and somewhat tattered German copy of Madame De Cottin's "Elizabeth." "Elizabeth" deserves its immortality. Never was the heroism of virtue more gloriously displayed; and tenderly are our

sympathies awakened for the poor friendless girl, who endures, and without murmuring,—hardships, dangers, suspicion, all to rescue a father from captivity: and when we reflect, that the story is not the mere phantom of imagination, though heightened by its adornments; but that Elizabeth did exist,—with all her virtues, and her pure enthusiasm; we are ready to ask ourselves, if the boasted courage of man, was ever employed in a nobler cause! and to blush for the pretensions of those, who arrogate to themselves, a higher place among the works of creation, than they assign to her, who is heroic, only in the cause of virtue; angry, only at the spectacle of vice. And independently of the loftiness of the sentiments with which "Elizabeth" abounds, Madame De Cottin has created a deep interest, by the situations in which her heroine is placed. The scene upon the river Wolga, when the fishermen braves its swollen flood, to serve her in her pilgrimage of piety; and in place of taking from her little store, drop into it the mite of good will:

the scene when she falls in with banditti; when the lawless and unrighteous, touched with her artless tale, and awed by the majesty of virtue, say, "surely God is with her:" and the scene when she bursts through the guards, and throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, cries, "mercy, pardon for my father," are all scenes which touch the finest chords that vibrate to the soul of feeling. But at this rate, I shall never get to Lienz, which I see before me.

Lienz, is the frontier town of the Tyrol, adjoining Carinthia, and in its situation, is strikingly fine. Just below the town, the Drave is joined by the Isel, which flows from the north-west, and which, making a curve around the town, serves, with the Drave, almost to insulate it. The mountain boundary on the south, is magnificent; rugged and wooded; while softer features characterize the northern slopes of the valley. I found an excellent inn at Lienz, and made ample amends for the deficiencies of Sillian. I found also a good table d'hôte, where, at the primitive

hour of half past twelve, abundance of good things were in readiness for those who could find an appetite.

In the conversations which I had with some of the inhabitants of Lienz, I found much less animosity towards the Austrian government, than in the western and central parts of the Pusterthall, or in the valleys of the Eisach, or the Inn. This cannot excite surprise. I have generally found national animosity and prejudice, strongest, among the inhabitants of frontier towns: because in these, the effects of national quarrels have been most fatally felt: but Lienz, although the frontier town of the Tyrol, is not the frontier town of a separate nation: another province of Austria is across their gates; and vicinity, where it produces no collision, as on the frontier of different nations, must necessarily produce friendly dispositions, and kindly feelings. Amongst the inhabitants of Lienz, accordingly, these feelings of regard for the Austrian government which at one time pervaded the whole of the Tyrol, still

maintains themselves in tolerable strength: and upon one occasion, when an allusion was made to the Tyrolean struggle, and to the deeds of Hofer, I heard no such regret as that expressed, by the peasant of the Innthal, "that his exertions were made in a bad cause;" but on the contrary, the struggle was spoken of, only as a praiseworthy example of well directed loyalty towards the House of Austria.

At the table d'hôte, at Lienz, I met a merchant, of Warasdin, a town of Croatia, who was travelling with samples of cotton manufacture, which is carried on to some extent, both in Warasdin, and Fridau. He told me, he could undersell both the French and British, even if a free trade were permitted in the Tyrol. At the head of his establishment at Warasdin he has an Englishman, from Belper, in Derbyshire, who superintends the construction of machinery; and the cost of production has been consequently so diminished, that in the market of Trieste, he is able to drive out British, and all other cottons of foreign manufacture.

This merchant nearly succeeded in prevailing with me, to accompany him to Croatia. He represented the banks of the Drave, in its descent from Lienz, to its junction with the Mur, at Legrad, as abounding in beauty and interest; he promised me that I should live for next to nothing; was extravagant in praise of the wine of Croatia, which he assured me was noways inferior to Tokay; and quite enthusiastic in eulogizing the beauty and graces of the Croatian females, who, he said, were more coveted by the Grand Seigneur for his haram, than even the women of Georgia and Circassia. "Foreigners, and especially Englishmen, are rare among us," said he, "our women would idolize you." But, notwithstanding these flattering promises, and enchanting representations, I adhered to my original plan, and prepared for a mountain ramble, north of Lienz, towards the great Glochner, which I half purposed ascending.

Unquestionably, that range of Alps which runs between Carinthia and the Tyrol, is among the

least known of any of the Alpine ranges. It is traversed by no road, and is only to be approached from Lienz, a town very rarely visited, except by the few who desire to explore every corner of the Tyrol; or the still fewer, who visit Croatia, or the valley of the Drave. I admit willingly, that to visit a spot, or a district, merely because it has not been visited, is not of itself, a sufficient reason; and I am not aware, that any great novelty is to be expected from one mountain range more than from another: I have always however been pursued by the desire of visiting countries and districts, that others have passed by; and being at Lienz in the neighbourhood of a mountain range, equalling in height, the Oberland Bernois, I could not think of retracing my steps down the Pusterthall, without getting a sight of the great Glochner, and possibly, attempting its ascent.

There are two routes, by which one departing from Lienz, may penetrate among the mountains,—one ascending the river Isel; the other

seeking the valley of Döllach, which lies to the east of the Isel. I resolved upon the latter of these; and left Lienz on a magnificent morning soon after sunrise, with as much buoyancy of heart and limb, as if the latter had never before borne me up the mountain, or the former had never before responded to the magnificence of nature. My enthusiasm had been considerably heightened, by the conversation I had the day before with a surgeon, an inhabitant of Lienz, who had reached the summit of the great Glochner the year before. He represented the ascent, as full of difficulty and danger; but as amply repaying the difficulties, on account of the splendid view to be enjoyed from its summit: the whole of the valley of the Salza was laid open, from its source, to the city of Salzburg; to the west, the Alpine ranges, as far as the Grisons; to the east, a wide reach over the southern Austrian empire, even to the plains of lower Styria; and to the south, looking over the Carnic Alps, to blue Fruili's mountains, Venice and the Adriatic,

the plains of Illyria, and even the islands of Greece. This is doubtless a very enticing enumeration: but I have long doubted whether any view repays the labour of an ascent of the very elevated mountains, in latitudes where the line of perpetual snow is low: the last few thousand feet make the whole difference in the labour and pain of an ascent; and since equally fine prospects are to be enjoyed from lower elevations,—such as Etna, or the Pic du Midi, at 10,600 feet; or even from Vesuvius, or the Righi, one half lower, it is absurd to subject oneself to difficulties, real uneasiness, and great peril, to attain what may be attained without any of these. The fact is, no view from a great elevation will repay the adventurer; because the ascent ought itself, to constitute a part of the remuneration, for the trouble of the ascent. The pure air; the beautiful plants; the novel views; the encreased buoyancy of spirit, are ample reward; and so long as these are not neutralized by pain, such as extreme cold, it is of little consequence, whether any farther remu-

neration be obtained by a view from the summit. But it is a positive act of egregious folly, for one not moved by scientific motives, to endure the pain and danger of an ascent greatly above the line of perpetual congelation. Notwithstanding the glowing description therefore, by the surgeon of Lienz, I did not by any means make up my mind to ascend the great Glochner.

It was yet a somewhat early breakfast hour, when I reached the village of Winklern; a mountain village, and yet with nothing of the misery of a mountain village about it: the cottages were clean looking and comfortable; the ground cultivated around the village, in little inclosures and gardens, stocked with such produce as the altitude permitted,—for Winklern lies high on the mountain side; and its pretty little church, and delicately proportioned spire, seem to lean sweetly on the green slope. As for the inn, I remained but a short time in it; long enough however, to partake of the mountain fare that was spread before me; and thus refreshed, I strode out of

the little street, and pressed forward up the valley of Döllach.

My road to the little village of Döllach lay up the side of a stream, called, I believe, the Moll. This village, I reached about mid day: but I did not halt there: and passed on to gain the highest village, and nearest to the great Glochner—Heiligenblut. The Alps were around and before me; glimpses into the mountain gaps, showed me high and rugged peaks; and occasionally, beyond them, yet higher elevations, the resting places of unsunned snow; and before reaching Heiligenblut, the summit of the great Glochner was seen towering above the mountain ranges that surrounded it.

Heiligenblut is a truly Alpine village: it seems to lie just within the limit of the habitable world. Patches of fertility lie around and before it; a deep wood-fringed ravine, with a furious torrent, and a high and picturesque cascade, flank the village; and a gigantic wall of dark mountains, over which is seen, the dazzling summit of the

Glochner, forms the magnificent back-ground of this striking panorama. I had taken the precaution of bringing some little provender with me from Lienz; and this, with such fare as was added from the larder of the house used as an inn, made up a tolerable dinner. There was yet a long evening before me; and this interval between dinner and bed-time, I could not occupy better than in climbing an outpost of the mountains, at no great distance from the village. From the summit of this elevation, about 800 or 1000 feet perhaps above the village, all the upper part of the Glochner is laid open. The summit is pyramidical; and is reported by those who have ascended, to have not more than two yards square of table land. Seen from the point where I stood, this may easily be credited; for the upper part of the pic is so pointed, that it is only partially covered with snow. Below the peak, the fields of snow extend over all the central parts of the mountain. The sun set while I stood on this elevation; and while the lower part of

the panorama was involved in deep dusk, the upper part, was steeped in glory,—peaks and pinacles, as if dipped in burnished gold; and snow summits carnationed over, with the rose-tints that dying sunbeams cast on the world that lies nearest to them. I returned to Heiligenblut, to quarter for the night, purposing to retire early to rest, and to be a-stir by day-break.

I found the little parlour where I had dined, occupied by half a dozen mountaineers, enjoying themselves over a bottle of bad brandy,—the manufacture of Botzen. The host was of course among them; and upon beginning to question him as to my route the next day, he stopt me short, by informing me, that next day no one in Heiligenblut would undertake a journey among the mountains: for every one knew, by certain signs which never deceived, that before morning, we should have a deluge of rain, and a tempest of wind: every one agreed with the host; and I had only therefore, to exercise the virtue of contentment; for I had had sufficient experience as

a traveller, to be well aware, that the inhabitants of mountain districts need no barometer to guide them in their prognostics of weather.

Life, in a place like Heiligenblut, and in a great city, seem to be two things absolutely distinct: a great metropolis, and a hamlet situated among the remote and untravelled Alps, are essentially different worlds; and I have a strong persuasion, that could one enter successively into the frame, mental and corporeal, of an inhabitant of Heiligenblut, and of an inhabitant of London or Paris, one common nature would scarcely be recognized: recollections,—enjoyments,—hopes,—utterly distinct in character; and so different in range, that the one would appear a being of inferior order to the other. To me, the feelings produced by conversing with the inhabitants of spots like this, are of a painful character; and if one should have ever entertained the notion—as some do, that the lot of mankind is nearly alike, and that happiness is equally distributed,—a day or two spent in Heiligenblut, will put such follies to flight.

I retired to rest about ten ; and was roused from a deep sleep, by a blast, that making its way through the broken panes, flung back the crazy shutters with a loud crack, and sent a deluge of rain and hail into the chamber. I have seldom witnessed a more terrific storm than this. The rushing of the wind, the roaring of the thunder, the lashing of the rain, were worthy of the tropics: the rain but partially reached me in bed ; and I continued lying and looking out upon the mountains, now seen, now hidden, as the lightning illuminated them ; and listening to the voice of the tempest rushing by. I do not recollect to have often enjoyed myself more than I did this night ; waiting for the frequent flashes of lightning ; counting one, two, three, between the flash and its attendant peal ; watching the momentary revalations of the dark mass of mountains ; and listening to the many toned tempest, from its deep solemn pauses, to its fits of fury.

Morning brought with it no relaxation in the storm ; and my host assured me, that the wea-

ther was broken: and that even when the fury of the storm abated, the rain would continue, and the mountain would be enveloped in mist. I had already had too good reason for putting faith in my host's predictions; and made up my mind to be contented with what I had seen, and to retrace my steps to the Pusterthall. A little after mid-day, the thunder and the wind ceased; but as my host predicted, the rain continued; and an impenetrable curtain hung over all the mountain range. It is certain, that of whatever enjoyment the storm deprived me, it has not curtailed much from that of the reader; for although it might have been great enjoyment to me, to view the glacier and the cataract; to scale the cliff, and spring across the strid: these things are tedious in description; and nothing I suspect is lost, by this unforseen abridgment of my mountain journey. Towards evening, I contrived to wander as far as the church of the village, which is not without its tinsel ornaments, and the usual decorations of catholic temples; and a second

night I passed in Heiligenblut. The following morning it was a drizzly rain, and the mist was as dense as ever: I therefore resolved to leave the mountains, and make my way to Lienz. I have no intention of detailing the particulars of my journey by Lienz, and Prunecken, and St. Lorenzen, back to Brixen. At Prunecken, the weather again became fine; and although the road I travelled, was already known to me, the freshness and greenness which the rain had produced, gave the country new attractions; and the swollen river, red, and impetuous, imparted a different character to the landscape. My road now lay again down the valley of the Eisach, towards Botzen, and the central Tyrol.

It was evening before I left Brixen; and I had scarcely got clear of the town, before it began to rain: I went on however; the rain was perpendicular, but I was provided with an umbrella, which I believe some travellers—pedestrians—scout, as a degradation; but for my part, I believe that he who walks through a mountainous

country without a light umbrella, is not only a very silly person, but an unpracticed traveller. To meet inconveniences, and difficulties with indifference, and even cheerfulness, is the very first qualification of one who travels to see the world; but there is no practiced traveller who will not provide against these as far as he is able. Notwithstanding the rain, the road between Brixen and Clausen was delightful. The river, now really a river, flowed swiftly through a charming valley, yellow with the harvest, which coloured all the lower grounds; while the sloping hills were clothed with vineyards: the road too was lined with cherry trees, which were as beautiful as a blow of ripe fruit could make make them. The country here is populous; I passed through several villages and many hamlets; and was delighted with the healthy faces, straight limbed peasantry, who all looked, as an independent peasantry ought to look.

Clausen is seen at some distance before one raeches it; for its castle stands upon a perpendi-

cular rock, about four hundred feet high, overlooking its subject town; and is a truly striking and picturesque object, seen rising out of the valley. In the course of this day, I passed almost as many images and crosses, as the day I left Inspruck. One, worthy of remark, is seen in approaching Clausen; a Christ crucified, on the front of a perpendicular rock—the Christ being not less colossal than fifty feet in height. The rain had not only continued all the way from Brixen, but had constantly encreased,—pouring down in torrents during the last hour, so that my protection was insufficient. and I walked into Clausen thoroughly drenched; but not the less cheerful on that account.

It was my good fortune here as at Brenner, to find the inn kept by a fraternity of ladies. This is always a pleasant sight to a traveller; especially if he be wet or way-worn; for I have scarcely ever found an exception to the rule, that one is more an object of attention in an inn kept by women; especially if they be maiden

ladies, than if a man be concerned in the management. I had sent my clothes to Botzen; and excepting an under garment and a pair of stockings, I was indebted to one of the hostesses for a change of habiliments, which consisted of some of the many petticoats used by so respectable ladies as these were. The inn was also provided with tea,—and the bread, butter and eggs, were delicious. The ladies too, favoured me with their company; and the room being thoroughly heated by an enormous stove, we chatted away the remainder of the evening agreeably enough, while I sipped my tea, and the maiden sisters were employed in preparing vermicelli.

Clausen is a very little town; and the street—there is but one—is so narrow, that if the inhabitants were amicably disposed towards each other, they might shake hands across. Clausen is not so far south as to find any advantage in narrow streets: it is only in burning climates that these are desirable. I walked early the following morning, to the castle, which however, the Aus-

trian soldiers would not allow me to enter. I was well repaid for my walk however, by the beauty of the scenes which it led me through; and by the view from the summit of the rock upon which it is built.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE EISACH TO BOTZEN.

Journey from Clausen to Botzen; marks of superstition; husbandry of the valley; Botzen; the fair and its attractions; a digression upon national costume; streets, houses and peculiarities of Botzen; prices of provisions, &c.; details respecting the system of husbandry pursued in the lower Tyrol; wines of Botzen.

I left Clausen after breakfast, upon a morning of extraordinary beauty: all the appearances of rain had vanished from the sky; but they were still upon earth, and rendered it a thousand times more lovely. In this part of the valley, the scenery and character of the country entirely change: the valley again contracts,—and the beautiful, and sometimes even the picturesque, are lost in the grand: enormous rocks, generally

overhaanging, and of great altitude, tower above the road, which creeps between them and the river, which is again a succession of rapids and cataracts; and being greatly swollen by the recent rains, its boiling fury was in perfect unison with the character of the scenery through which it rushed. The superstition of the inhabitants is strongly exemplified on the road, at every turn: wherever a rock was seen suspended over the road; or wherever any part of the rock seemed from its loose appearance, to threaten the passenger, an image of the virgin and child was placed in a niche, as a protection: or if a rock had fallen, and many enormous fragments lay upon the road, an image was placed upon the spot from which it had detached itself, as an acknowledgment I suppose, for its innoxious fall. But the most striking of these marks of superstition, was one which appeared upon the face of a rock, at least a hundred and fifty feet above the road. This was a representation of the crucifixion, painted in colossal size, by the desire and at the

expense of a banker in Botzen, whose business carried him every market day to Clausen; and who, apprehending danger from this rock, had this painting executed by a scaffolding from the top, as a protection against accidents.

As I descended the valley, and when it again widened, I found Indian corn again a principal produce of the land; and upon the same land, there was an under crop of grass. Vineyards also, were planted as I had seen higher up; and were more luxuriant. I noticed here, and all the way farther down the valley, the simple contrivance which I have seen on the banks of the Spanish rivers, by which water is thrown in upon the vineyards; a large wheel placed in the river, and is turned by it; and buckets being suspended to the wheel all the way round, they are filled, raised, and turned over into a wooden trough, in which the water is carried into the vineyards that lie upon the river side.

This is the country of walnut tress,—and a beautiful tree it is where it grows in luxuriance.

I have never seen anywhere, such walnut trees as grow by the road side as we approach Botzen, nor anywhere perhaps a more beautiful country. Indian corn, wheat, barley, grass, vines in bowers, and innumerable fruit trees, were charmingly mingled ; there was everywhere an air of abundance, and signs of a well peopled country. Several times between Clausen and Botzen the valley contracts, and widens again ; and not a mile before reaching the town, and the entrance to the spacious valley that forms the lower Tyrol, the grand and majestic, make a last and successful struggle with the soft and beautiful, for the ascendancy : the rocks approach close to the river which winds in a hundred sinuosities, and form so gigantic a labyrinth of precipices, that an exit from them seems to be almost an impossibility. At length however, suddenly rounding a giant tower of granite, the vale of Botzen opens, in all its riante beauty ; and Botzen itself, which may be considered the capital of the central Tyrol, stands guarding its entrance. I reached Botzen

early in the afternoon; and found an apartment in the hotel of the post.

Of all the towns of the Tyrol, I like Botzen the best; I like it for its situation; I like it for its cleanliness,—I like it for its excellent inn, and a very civil landlord; and as for its inhabitants, their manners are nearly as primitive, as they are in Brenner. I have seen ladies returning from mass at five in the morning; dinner, there, as at the peasant's house near Sterzing, is served at half-past eleven; and at eight or nine o'clock, the streets of Botzen are as quiet as they are in other towns at midnight. I remained several days at Botzen, and was greatly pleased with my sojourn.

It chanced to be the fair at Botzen,—which is always a fortunate time to visit a town; both because it attracts the country people from all parts of the district, and because it shows us the diversities in manners, dress and appearance, which characterize the peasantry of a country. The fairs of Botzen are the principal fairs of the Tyrol, for

every kind of merchandize; they are held four times in the year, and last a fortnight each time. The fair had begun a few days before I reached Botzen, and I visited it for the first time, on the evening of my arrival.

There is one very long street in Botzen, with covered arcades on both sides; and it is under these arcades, partly in shops, and partly on stalls, that the fair is held. Every kind of merchandize was exposed; every thing that either necessity or taste,—such simple taste as the Tyrolean—might call for. I saw a great assortment of cloths; and great varieties of calico, printed and plain; all sorts of iron and steel utensils; and a sufficient choice of fancy goods of most kinds. All the goods were Austrian: no manufactures of other nations are admitted; and the protective system is fully acted upon. I shall not meddle with the policy of this,—such an enquiry belongs to another class of writers: but if any nation be justified in adopting the protective system, it is certainly Austria, which grows or ma-

nufactures, little that other nations have occasion for. But whatever may be the wisdom of the measure as regards the government, individuals suffer by it.

I enquired the prices of several of the articles which were exposed; and found that good broad cloth, but not by any means equal to the west of England cloth, or the cloth manufactured at Verviers in the Netherlands, cost eight florins a yard (about 18s. 8d.) and calicos, very inferior to the English, both in quality and colour—to say nothing of taste,—were at least one half dearer. Other articles were proportionably dear; especially every kind of cutlery, which I need scarcely say, was of a very inferior quality.

The peasantry of almost all the Tyrolean valleys were to be seen here, walking among the booths, and making bargains. I encountered again, the ten petticoated women, with their great tapering white and red worsted caps: there was the black breeched, white stockinged and girdled peasant of the Inn; and the bare-kneed

peasant of the mountains; and the men of Botzen and its vale, with their broad brimmed hats to shade them from their hot sun; and the women of the valley of Meran, with their green cloth hats turned up at one side; and the peasant of the Italian Tyrol, with his less national costume and darker countenance.

Variety of costume seems to be characteristic of most mountainous countries. In Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Norway, the three most mountainous countries of Europe, this is remarkably observed: in all of these, every valley has its distinctive mark; and as these distinctions seem to be in a great degree independent of climate, it is probable that they may have originated in very early times, when valley warred with valley, and when the inhabitants of each, were the vassals of a different lord. Distinctive marks then became necessary; and personal vanity, and perhaps even little jealousies, have continued to preserve that which feudalism established. But variety of costume, is not entirely confined to mountain-

ous countries: and I incline to think, it will be found, that in those countries where vassalage fell the first, and where the power of the nobles decreased the earliest, the least traces of national costume are to be seen. In Germany, there are still many traces of it; and indeed, in some parts, such distinctions prevail almost to as great an extent as in Switzerland,—which, be it recollected, is so many different little territories. In France, variety of costume is still preserved in some degree, though in a less degree than in Germany; but still it is recognizable: every one knows how different is the costume of a Norman, from that of the other parts of France; and if we go to the Pyrennees, there again we meet the varieties that distinguish other mountainous countries.

Among the large countries of Europe, national, and diversified costume is the most preserved in Spain, which was long divided among different masters; and where the great lords were long possessed of extraordinary power. The Biscayan,

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the Castilian, the Andalusian, the Valencian, the Murcian, and the Catalunian, are all distinguishable by their costume. England, of all countries, is the least national in its costume, and presents in its different provinces, the fewest varieties. It would almost appear then, that national costume, and its distinctions, disappear the soonest from those countries, which are the most civilized. Spain is without doubt, the least civilized among the countries of Europe; France, where national and distinctive costume is seen the least, after England, ranks the foremost in civilization among the continental countries; and perhaps it will not be considered too national, if I say, that England is the most civilized country in Europe. I know well what astonishment would be depicted in the countenance and gestures of a Frenchman at such an assertion; and I believe also, that many of my own countrymen, who affect to be so enlightened as to have thrown off all national prejudice, would sneer at my want of liberality: but I think, if we consider for a moment

what that is which constitutes civilization, England will be allowed to stand the foremost.

It is no criterion, certainly not a just one,—to take the civilization of a capital, as a test for that of the whole nation. Paris will doubtless vie with London in the elegant arts of life, and in mental cultivation, if she cannot compete in opulence and luxury. But let us cast our eyes over France and England. I think it will not admit of any doubt, that where there is the greatest quantity of mental instruction, there is also the greatest civilization, this being the origin of all the distinction between savage and civilized life; and if by this test we judge the claims of France and England, it will admit of no dispute, that England is entitled to rank the highest in civilization. The civilization of France, is falsely estimated by that of her capital; a mode of judging, that would lead to conclusions as false of other countries, as of France. To travel but a little way from home,—the condition of Dublin would be a very erroneous estimate of the condi-

tion of Ireland. But to return to the Tyrol, and Botzen, from which I have been digressing.

Botzen is decidedly a handsome town; there are some very spacious streets, and one or two excellent squares; and a very great number of handsome—and some magnificent houses. These are greatly set off by the innocent passion for flowers, which are displayed in infinite beauty and variety, at the open windows, on balconies; and at the doors of the houses. Through the centre of several of the streets runs a clear rivulet; partly covered, and partly open: this is not allowed to be polluted by filth of any kind: the streets are laved from it in hot weather, by large wooden ladles; and it is by the side of this brook, that all the washerwomen of the town carry on their vocation: there they are constantly seen in scores, kneeling, by the side of the wooden boards, that cover the stream, or are thrown back at pleasure.

The principal church of Botzen, is a handsome structure, with a beautiful light spire; and in

the interior there are some things worthy of notice. The principal altar is adorned by marble pillars of rare beauty; but the object the most deserving of notice, is a representation in marble, of different flowers. This is managed by a mosaic of coloured marbles; and is executed with remarkable success. The hyacinth, the jonquil, and the lily of the valley, are beautifully imitated. Religious duties are very strictly performed in Botzen; I have seen the church crowded at, and before six in the morning; and I never entered it at any time of the day, that I did not see a considerable sprinkling of devout persons.

Botzen is neither remarkably cheap nor dear, as a place of residence. Prices are very unequal; the price of meat is in general about eleven kreutzers per lb; butter, twenty-two kreutzers; bread is not cheap, excepting that which is mixed with Indian corn. The Tyrol produces a considerably smaller quantity of wheat than is required for its consumption: corn and flour are brought from Trieste and the neighbouring country, and

pay a small duty in entering the Tyrol. Vegetables and fruit, are both of them, exceedingly plentiful and cheap. Wine is also plentiful, and reasonably low priced even for the best qualities: it costs wholesale about £3. for a hundred bottles, which is a fraction more than 7d. per bottle. I drank very excellent wine both red and white, at 10d. per bottle. House rent in Botzen is low; a good house containing eight or nine rooms, and with a well stocked garden, may be had for £10. or £12. per annum, at the most; which is greatly lower than house rent in any part of Switzerland. Owing to the dues of entry, all sorts of provisions are at least one fourth cheaper, a mile or half a mile from the town, than within it.

I have said in a former chapter, that if a line be drawn across the Tyrol, leaving Botzen to the north of it, all to the south of that line may be called the southern, or the Italian Tyrol. The moment we leave Botzen, and travel towards Trent, a new order of things is perceivable; the same noble looking peasantry are no longer to be

seen; poverty begins to show itself; and the air of comfort about the dwellings, and independence about their inmates, are no longer visible. All the land in the southern Tyrol belongs to the great proprietors; and the peasantry whom we see, have no longer an interest in the soil which they cultivate.

The system pursued in the cultivation of the land in the southern Tyrol is remarkable. The proprietor of the land makes a contract with a peasant to cultivate it. This peasant is in fact a middle-man; and employs labourers. The nature of the contract is, that the proprietor pays the peasant a certain sum of money, which has no regard whatever to the goodness or badness of the crop; and the peasant delivers up the whole produce of the land to the proprietor. The sum of money which the peasant receives for the engagement to cultivate the land, is of course understood to be sufficient to pay for the labour employed upon it, and to leave a surplus to the peasant, sufficient for his subsistence. This sys-

tem has its advantages and its disadvantages; but the latter far outweigh the former. In one respect indeed, it seems to have justice along with it; for the proprietor gets neither more nor less than his land is worth; he gets the produce of his land whatever it may be, to make the most of it; and the peasant, who is in fact the farmer, is secure against the failure of crops, or the variableness of the markets; with these he has nothing to do; he receives the same sum, whether the crop be good or bad, or whether the market be high or low.

But notwithstanding this, the system does not work well: it is evident, that the proprietor must eventually suffer, by the cultivator having no interest in the produce: it is the same thing to him, whether the land be well or ill-laboured; and it is therefore unreasonable to imagine, that full justice will be done to it: if the proprietor therefore gets what his land produces, he probably gets considerably less than under a different system, it might be made to produce.

With respect to the contractor, he, although proceeding upon a certainty, has a certainty of little. The sum allowed him for the cultivation is generally extremely small, so that after all expenses are paid, his gain affords nothing beyond a bare subsistence. This is sufficiently proved by the manner in which these men live; which is in no respect better than the small proprietor of the valley of the Inn, who eats meat only upon festival days. There are no doubt some exceptions; and if the proprietor do allow a sufficient sum for the cultivation of his land, the peasant has the same advantage that any man has who performs a piece of work by contract.

As for the effect of the system upon the labourer; it is obviously bad. The sole object of the contractor being to labour the land as cheaply as possible, wages are miserably low. The usual price of labour in the Italian Tyrol does not exceed two florins per week (4s. 8d.) and nourishment; which accounts sufficiently for the difference in the appearance and habitations of the

lower classes there, and in the valleys of the upper Tyrol, where indeed, the poor are so limited in number, as scarcely to form a class.

It seems to the traveller, at first sight, a strange inversion of what might be expected, that in the fertile vales, and finest plains in Europe, he should see so much poverty; and that on the contrary, when he journeys among mountain regions, where excessive labour forces from the soil an unwilling crop, he perceives every appearance of comfort and ease of condition. The condition of the people in the most fertile plains of Italy, Germany, France, or England, will bear no comparison, with that of the inhabitants of the Grison valleys, or of the valleys of the Ober-land Bernois, or of the upper Tyrol. But the difficulty is at once explained when we learn, that the former are labourers for hire, and that the latter, labour their own soil.

The greater part of the land in the lower Tyrol is under vine cultivation: wine varies much in its return; I was told by some, that their vineyards

produced 10 per cent., others said 6 per cent., and some, as little as 4 per cent. This variety of course depends upon the wine. The wine grown between Botzen and Trent supplies not only the consumption of the lower Tyrol, but the upper Tyrol also: the whole of the valley of the Inn, as well as the capital, is supplied from Botzen and its neighbourhood; and the best wines of the Tyrol even find their way into Bavaria. Throughout the lower Tyrol, Indian corn is the staple, next to wine; and here, as well as in the upper Tyrol, every one was ready to bear testimony to the productiveness, and nutritious qualities of the plant; and I generally found bread of Indian corn and wheat mixed, was preferred to bread made of wheat only, even by those who could have afforded to eat the latter.

When I arrived at Botzen, I had not quite resolved upon my future route. I was anxious to traverse the valley of Meran, (the Tyrol Proper, as it is laid down in the maps,) and to trace the Adige up to Glurns and its source. But on the

other hand, I wished to descend the valley of the Adige to Roveredo, and to Riva; and to do all this, the same ground must be travelled twice over; because if I descended to Riva, I must ascend again to Botzen in order to travel to Meran and Glurns; or if I travelled first to Glurns, I must still return the same way to Botzen in order to descend to Roveredo. However, as there was no escape from a repetition of the road, I determined upon proceeding first to the southern extremity of the Tyrol, and afterwards, visiting the lateral valley. But before leaving Botzen, I devoted a few days to one or two interesting excursions in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOWER TYROL.

Over Botzen; the castle of Sigmundscron; journey to Riva; character of the lower Tyrol; Bronzall; Newmarkt; road to Trent; Trent and its character and history; the people of the southern Tyrol in their dress, character and manners; Roveredo and its manufactures; delightful road to Riva; scenery.

PRIMITIVE as are the manners of the inhabitants of Botzen, they are not without their amusements; there are re-unions among the ladies, and re-unions amongst the gentlemen, as in Switzerland. There are promenades; and in winter, they have a theatre; and occasionally an opera. They have also, like the inhabitants of Inspruck, a country retirement,—a small village among the mountains, called "Over Botzen." To the inhabitant of a large city, Botzen itself would appear

retirement enough; but the inhabitants are of a different opinion; and during the hot weather, they resort to Over Botzen to rusticate. I spent two days in an excursion thither; and found it a delightful retreat. There is a mountain road from Botzen, fit only for horses and pedestrians; and the village is situated in a hollow of the mountains. It is a village orné, consisting of pretty detached houses; and looks, precisely like that which it is intended for. This would be a choice retreat for an angler; a most excellent trouting stream runs close by, and two rooms furnished, may be had for about £1 per month.

Whoever walks in the neighbourhood of Botzen, and climbs any little elevation, will notice as one of the conspicuous objects in the surrounding landscape, the towers and walls of a castle, apparently a ruin, crowning a height about four miles to the east of the town; and if he enquire the name of the castle, he will be told, it is called Ligmundscron; and that it is worth a visit. I accordingly devoted an evening to it, and have

seldom spent one more to my satisfaction. I passed through a succession of vineyards, mostly inclosed with stone walls, which rather interrupt the view; and which by the reflexion of the sun's rays, incommode the traveller, just in the same proportion that they benefit the vineyards. The height upon which Sigmundscron stands, is entirely covered with wood, through which I found a foot path, to conduct me up to the walls. I had imagined the castle an entire ruin, tenanted only by owls; but when I reached an open point from which the gateway is visible, I perceived six or eight Austrian soldiers sitting before it, smoking. The castle is garrisoned; and is used as a depot for gunpowder. Strangers however, are not forbidden entrance to these castles; and both at Sigmundscron and elsewhere, I have always found the greatest civility from the military; and one is allowed besides, to explore every part, without a soldier with his bayonet walking by one's side; as is invariably the custom in all the French fortresses.

I found the castle almost a ruin, and a most picturesque one. The massive walls, though rent,—and strong towers, though shattered and tottering,—attested the former strength of this stronghold, which by its natural position,—almost surrounded as it is by precipices, is yet capable of being defended. The inside courts are entirely overgrown by juniper bushes; and in a nook of the ruin, on the outside of the wall, I recognized a fig-tree, reminding me of warmer suns and more southern lands. The view from the summit is enchanting; it commands the plain of Botzen, with its vineyards and orchards, and charming fertility, and the river, and the valley, both above and below Botzen, and the amphitheatre of lofty mountains, that on every side surround the lower Tyrol. From this point, the whole of the central Tyrol is commanded; from Botzen to Sterzing, north and south, and the two lateral valleys of the Adige and the Rienz. I remained wandering about the extensive ruins till past sunset; and having scrambled down a part of one of the inner

walls into a small space overgrown with very long grass, I found a small opening in the outer wall, large enough to creep through; and although the rocks on the outside were steep, the descent was practicable. When I had descended the rock, and came in view of the gateway by which I had entered, I was challenged by the soldiers above, one of whom came down to interrogate me how I had got there, without coming out by the gate. My information seemed to excite the utmost surprise; and at their request I conducted them back, and showed them the spot where I had found an exit. They said, they were not aware of any entrance to the castle but by the gate, and seemed to look upon the discovery as one of some importance. There is no doubt, that by the opening I have mentioned, a party might have entered, surprised the garrison, and made themselves masters of the stores. I have thus perhaps, without intending it, deprived the Tyrolean patriots of a future advantage. It was almost dark before I left Sigmundscron; and a fine moon lighted me back to Botzen.

There was now nothing more to detain me in Botzen; and as I found the heat too great to make a pedestrian journey through the lower valley enviable, I hired a cabriolet to carry me to Trent, Roveredo, and Riva, and back to Botzen. There is another reason why pedestrianism in the lower valley of the Adige would be unsuitable; a considerable part of the road, especially between Trent and Roveredo, and farther south, is bounded on both sides, by high stone walls, which intercept altogether, the charming country that lies on either side, unless the traveller be raised high enough to see over them.

Greatly pleased with Botzen and its neighbourhood, I left it a little before mid-day, purposing only to travel so far as Newmarkt. I had hired a postilion, as well as a carriage, for it is out of the question to drive oneself on a long journey. One cannot in that case leave the carriage to climb a neighbouring height; or look at a ruin or anything else; and one must also see that the horse be fed, and that all be right about

the vehicle; and besides, the very occupation of driving, occupies the attention too much. Seated therefore in my cabriolet, with my cocher—a true Tyrolean—placed before, with his pipe in his mouth, I crossed the bridge, and took the road to the south.

The character of the valley of the lower Tyrol, is entirely different from that of the valley above Botzen. Precipitous banks; enormous rocks; rapids and cataracts; and mountain prospects, formed the character of the upper valley: sloping banks, sometimes expanding almost into a plain; a broad, and generally smooth flowing river; and prospects, in which beauty is a larger component than the picturesque, and in which the sublime is nowhere visible,—are the features of the lower valley. The whole of the lower Tyrol is rich in corn and wine. I passed through some swampy land soon after leaving Botzen; but this formed a very small exception to the fine country that lies all the way between Botzen and Trent,—everywhere bearing luxuriant crops of Indian

corn; grain of all other kinds, in smaller quantities; and giving promise of an abundant vintage. I never saw so great a number of weeping willows, as between Botzen and Trent; in some countries they are scarce; in few plentiful; but here they are seen in long avenues: I could not help thinking, and smiling as I thought, of the weeping willow at Chatsworth, which was transported thither at so great an expense,—the wonder of the country round, and the pet of his grace of Devonshire. I also noticed the very abundant cultivation of cucumbers in this day's journey.

At a village called Branzoll, we stopped to dinner. I could not help remarking in the inn, the great difference in the manner of living, between the same ranks here, and in England. An English post-boy would be contented with one kind of meat; potatoes, and a pint of ale. My driver at Branzoll had his soup, his fish, his stew, his vegetables, his pudding, and his dessert; and a bottle of wine. A traveller who is accompa-

nied by a postilion, requires to be on his guard against these excellent dinners being charged in his account; which is almost certain to be the case, unless he distinctly tells the inn-keeper, that he pays for himself only. As my mode of travelling has in most cases precluded the possibility of being imposed upon in this way, many good dinners have not been eaten at my expense; yet, I have not altogether escaped, and have paid for my experience like other people. I must not forget to say, that I saw at Branzoll, the most beautiful countenance I have ever seen out of England; I will not attempt to describe it; but will only say, as the best eulogium I am able to bestow, that it is at this moment, as distinctly before me as if I had seen it yesterday.

While the horse was resting, and the postilion was sitting over his wine, I walked to a neighbouring castle perched upon the summit of a rock, too perfect a ruin to render the occupation of it by Austrian soldiers necessary. There is a pleasure in wandering through the precincts of a

ruin, altogether independent of antiquarianism; and which is not easily described: it is felt however,—which is sufficient; and the ruins of castles scattered over mountainous countries have also the attraction of constantly commanding the finest and most extensive views. Of this, one may always be assured; because it was an important object in choosing a site for these feudal castles, that they might not be approached by an enemy, without the enemy being seen. Some few of the castles in the Tyrol, are yet inhabited by the families to whom they have descended—one such, a building not less in extent than Alnwick castle, is seen upon this road, occupying the entire sides and summit of a height,—one of the outposts of the mountains which lie on the left.

All the way from Branzoll to Newmarkt, the road lies near the river, and passes through a succession of the same fine scenery that is seen higher up; and as we travel farther south, every league brings us into a more populous country.

I noticed many villages on the opposite side of the river, as well as those which I passed through; which appeared to be all thickly peopled, though not like the villages higher up,—exempt from poverty. From the moment of leaving Botzen, beggars had begun to appear; and every village seemed to contain a large proportion of those, who if they were not, had at least the appearance of being paupers,—labourers probably at 4s. 8d. a week. I reached Newmarkt about six o'clock, and found a little inn sufficient for the wants of a traveller.

Newmarkt affords nothing worthy of being noted; it is one of those hundred little towns that contain a street and a church, and some straggling houses besides, and which subsist by the cultivation of the land. The only information I received at Newmarkt, worth communicating to the reader, was, that the inn-keeper paid for his house containing eight rooms, stabling for twelve horses, and outbuildings, one hundred and eighty florins, (£20.) per annum, that he paid in

taxes upon his house, income, &c. £5. 12s. nearly; and that the curate of the parish received a thousand florins of revenue, (£116. 13s.) a sum certainly equal to the double of that sum in England; and this revenue is exclusive of presents of wine, fruit and corn, which every clergyman who is at all esteemed, is in the habit of receiving. If the income of this priest be any criterion by which we may judge of that of others, the catholic clergy of the Tyrol have no claim to pity on the score of poverty.

I left Newmarkt early next morning, purposing to reach Trent to dinner. The scenery continues of the same character, though constantly encreasing in richness; and as we approach Trent, the productions of the country change in some respects. The mulberry begins to appear, and is soon found lining the road; but this tree, half stripped of its valuable leaves, is no ornament to scenery: we have only however, to become utilitarians, to regard it as the most beautiful of trees. Here too the vine is festooned;

and it is only where the vine is so trained, that it is entitled to commendation on the score of beauty; then indeed towards the season of vintage, covered with its rich purple or downy green clusters, it is the most beautiful of plants. All the way from Newmarkt to Trent, the country encreases in populousness; and the road passes through several considerable villages, particularly Lavis, situated close by a river of the same name, which thunders down the steeps to the south-east of the town, and falls into the Adige. I reached the celebrated city of Trent to an early dinner.

I should think the inhabitants of Trent must be particularly well affected towards the house of Austria; for it is scarcely possible to walk fifty yards in any direction wlthout seeing the Austrian eagle. Even in the hotel,—the Albergo Reale, the Austrian arms were emblazoned over the door of my apartment. What a feeling of security is communicated to one's repose by the eagle that guards the door!!

Trent is one of the most bustling noisy towns I was ever in; and though under the especial surveillance of the clergy, who, with great slouched hats, swarm in every direction, is full of carousing, quarrel, drunkenness, and immorality of every description. I scarcely could command an hour's sleep, any one of the three nights I slept in Trent. What a contrast between Trent, and Inspruck or Botzen! the streets in constant commotion till late in the evening; mirth and pleasure awake till near midnight, and then the reign of dissipation and intemperance. Everywhere in Trent, one perceives traces of its antiquity; it has least the modern air of any place I am acquainted with; and as little as most towns, any attractions excepting those which its history and antiquities confer upon it. These are however considerable.

Trent will ever be a remarkable city, historically; for the reader need not be told, that the famous council called together by the emperor Charles V. and pope Paul III. sat there during no less a time than eighteen years. It assembled

in the year 1545; and during its sitting, no fewer than five different popes, successively filled the chair of St. Peter! I had heard of the picture in the church of St. Maria Maggiore, representing the council; and it is said, containing portraits of the persons who chiefly figured in this assembly: this church was therefore one of the first places I visited. The picture I found much faded; but still interesting, from the associations it calls up, and even from the objects which it represents; for notwithstanding the ravages of time, the costumes are still distinguishable; and one may easily say, "here is a bishop; there is a friar." A writer, speaking of the council of those days, and of the four or five hundred cardinals, bishops, abbots, monks and doctors who took part in it says, "what a market must the city have had! what cooks! what convoys of sleek mules, laden with luxuries! and how, in their distant and regretted residences, all the old housekeepers of these perplexed and provoked absentees, must have busied themselves in

the preparations of savouries, and potted meats, dried fruits, and delicate conserves, and in the regular and never failing dispatch of supplies from the well stored cellars."

The church of St. Maria Maggiore is worth a visit independently of the attractions of the picture: it is built chiefly of marble, and contains an organ said to be remarkable for its excellence; but which I neglected taking an opportunity of hearing played. The cathedral is a larger and finer building, of mixed and somewhat florid architecture. There is a fine group of columns supporting the nave; and there is also a canopy and columns of marble over the altar, of more than common attractions. The cathedral also contains many tombs of bishops and other churchmen, not remarkable for their beauty, and some among them, in a delapidated state.

The situation of Trent is magnificent. The Adige flows to the right of the town; and a finely broken, and richly cultivated country, is left by the mountains on each side of the river, whose

natural banks recede on either side. But it is absurd to describe the situation of a city so well known as Trent.

Trent I have said, is Italian in its character, and aspect; and here, I found the first trait of dishonesty I had met with since entering the Tyrol. At the Albergo Reale, I gave the waiter a gold in place of a silver coin of the same size; I noticed my error, when the coin had scarcely left my hand; but the Italian had been even more quick sighted: it was already in his pocket; and although I was certain of the fact, he stoutly denied it; and contrived in emptying his pocket, to keep the unlooked for perquisite out of sight.

Trent is known to be a city of great antiquity. Some ascribe to it an origin more remote than that of Rome itself. The name of Tridentum was however given to it by the Romans, who conquered it from the Galli Cenomani. Subsequently to the fall of the empire, it passed through the dominion of different masters; and was at length annexed to the church of Rome by the emperor

Winceslaus. The bishops of Trent were afterwards princes of the empire, and members of the Tyrolean Diet; and the bishoprick of Trent was secularized in 1802. In 1815 it was restored to Austria.

The country about Trent, is chiefly a vine and silk country; the slopes are covered with vineyards; and the lower grounds thickly intersected by rows of mulberry trees: I saw also, a considerable quantity of tobácco cultivated. The inhabitants are chiefly occupied with the growth and preparation of wine, and the silk manufacture; and notwithstanding the dissoluteness of the city, I was informed there are few poor: things are cheap and abundant; and the wine of Trent is not undeserving of the estimation in which it is held throughout the lower Tyrol. I have remarked upon a former occasion, that little is to be gathered of the prices of things in any country, from the charges made at the inns. At the Albergo Reale, my bill was enormous; every thing was charged separately, and every thing,

exorbitantly high; while in the market, the best meat could be bought at 3d. per lb.; and fine fowls at 1s. 4d. a pair. No doubt however, I paid something for sleeping in a room, over the door of which, were emblazoned, the imperial arms; and in a bed, which had received a prince of Austria.

I drove out of Trent without any regret; and took the road to Roveredo. As I proceeded south, I found as I had expected, a gradual change both in the natural and moral world. The scenery became richer, and softer; the productions of the soil grew in greater luxuriance, and the fruits in greater perfection; and all traces of an Alpine country had disappeared. The cherries in particular, were of an extraordinary size; some that I bought, coming out of Trent, entirely gave the lie to that celebrated proverb which, in speaking of much trouble applied to a small object, likens it to making "two bites of a cherry." The cherries that grow between Trent and Roveredo, are almost as large as small apricots.

But in the appearance of the inhabitants, the change is even more striking than in the inanimate productions of the earth. We travel still in the Tyrol; but we perceive that they are no longer the men and women of the Tyrol whom we see about us. They are a different race, in appearance,—in manner,—in phisiognomy,—in character. Even south of Botzen, although we no longer recognize among the peasantry, the firm step, and independent air of the Tyrolean of the upper valleys, we still see men whose condition is the cause of their degeneracy: but here, in the most southern parts, all resemblance to the true Tyrolean is lost: we do not see the man who labours for little,—but who labours nevertheless: we see those who would rather not labour at all: who are tainted with the idleness of the south. Obsequiousness takes the place of hauteur; mendicity comes in the room of independence; the open and fair countenance, is exchanged for a darker tinge, and a narrower visage; and instead of the smart costume of the north, we be-

come accustomed to a negligent apparel; and even to rags. I cannot however speak so harshly of the women; they are not indeed Tyroleans; but then we do not want energy and independence among women: they have not the national costume of the Tyrol; we see neither the worsted caps, nor the round hats, nor the ten petticoats, nor the red and yellow stockings; but then we can do without them; and although we no longer see a female Tyrolean peasantry meet helpmates for the men of the Tyrol, we see pretty interesting faces, and dark eyes, and neatly arranged hair decorated with natural roses,—women in short, far too good to be helpmates to the dark browed, and ill dressed fellows that no doubt claim their alliance.

I had reason to congratulate myself on the road between Trent and Roveredo, in being no pedestrian; for one travelling on foot here, would require to be a giant of some ten or twelve feet high, in order that he might enjoy his journey; for the walls on both sides of the road are eight

or nine feet in height; and it required an exertion, even in a vehicle, to see over them; the more provoking as the country was full of beauty. I noticed many castles upon the heights; and turn the eye on which side I would, it rested upon charming fertility, and variety. As we approach Roveredo, we perceive still another change in the appearance of things. Manufactures we have long lost sight of; but here we find ourselves in the environs of a manufacturing town. The signs can never be mistaken; traffic on the road,—new houses,—large square high buildings,—smoke,—and a crowded population, in whose air and countenances even, it is not difficult to read manufactures. Roveredo has all of these; and along with them, every appearance of an improving town. Since leaving Munich, I had seen nothing so like prosperity as the streets of Roveredo. I reached Roveredo a little before sunset; and devoted the following day to an examination of the city and its neighbourhood.

The more I looked at Roveredo, the more I

was pleased with it: even its bustle was pleasing; it was the bustle of business and prosperity; and although quiet agricultural towns, and mountain villages, have their own peculiar charms, there is also an attraction in the stir of life and its occupation, and in the "hum and buz" of men. It is perhaps the change that constitutes much of the charm. Leave the city and its din, and plunge among the mountains, and the mind experiences a multitude of pleasing sensations. Descend into the plain after a sojourn with nature, and again there is an accession of pleasure. But whatever the cause may have been, I was pleased with Roveredo. The manufactures of silk and of leather are both carried on to a considerable extent in Roveredo; the former especially; and after a decline of twenty or thirty years, Roveredo is again a flourishing town; growing in wealth and importance. When I was in Roveredo, there were about 1700 looms at work, and the average wages of workmen may be stated at about 11s. per week, which, I should say, is equal to at

least 20s. in England. Roveredo contains few edifices worthy of notice; but handsome private houses are everywhere seen about the outskirts, with fine terraces and gardens, and commanding views over as varied a landscape as is presented in almost any part of Europe. I regret I am unable to recollect the name of the hotel at Roveredo; for it was in all respects excellent.

I know of very few more beautiful and interesting roads in Europe, than that between Roveredo and Riva; for it includes every variety of scenery; embracing the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime. At Roveredo, we quit the great road, and the valley of the Adige; these, at the distance of a few leagues, cross the Tyrolean frontier, and lead to Verona. The road to Riva, and the Lago di Garda, leaves the road to Italy on the left; crosses the river, and limbs the mountain range that bounds the valley on the right. I left Roveredo a little after mid-day; and passed through a rich fruit country, to the bank of the Adige. I noticed at almost every door, girls sitting

winding silk; and dividing their light labours with the recreation of eating the mellow pears or juicy cherries that lay beside them. It was still a country of mulberries and vines, and fruit; but now the olive began to appear,—indicating another step in the scale of climate. About an hour after leaving Roveredo, we reached the bank of the Adige, which we crossed by a ferry. The scenery is here imposing,—the rich fertile bank that lie on the left, being finely contrasted with the mountainous aspect of the country on the farther side. After crossing the Adige, I passed through a succession of very wild and desolate scenes: a narrow lake winds out and in among the steep rocks which are covered only with wild shrubs, while the road climbs up the mountain that towers above. I passed through two very wretched villages, one of them however, a place of considerable size: every one seemed idling,—some of the women were sitting at the doors combing each other's hair; and the men were lying in the shade, eating cherries.

Leaving these villages, we still continued to ascend among rugged rocky steeps, till at length, having reached the summit, the magnificent prospect to the south-west opened before us. Directly below, lay the Lago di Garda, blue, and calm, and beautiful, its head cradled in the midst of the gigantic mountains of the Tyrol, and its lower extremity reposing upon the softer scenes of Italy; and across the head of the lake, the broken and shapeless character of the huge rocks and mountains, offered a scene of the most savage grandeur. It was altogether, a very diversified, and a very striking view. The descent to Riva, from the spot where this prospect opens, is of extraordinary steepness; but the road appears to have been lately put under good repair, and with so much to engage the eye, the necessity of going slow, or even of walking, will scarcely be complained of. After reaching the bank of the lake, the road winds along its head, and crosses the river Scarca, (the feeder of the lake,) before reaching Riva, which I drove into a couple of hours before sunset.

The hotel at Riva, is all that a traveller can desire; and the beauty of the prospect from the windows is the more prized because it is unexpected: one drives along a narrow and very ugly street, and alights at a door which promises nothing but dark rooms with windows opening upon filthy alleys: but this is only the back of the house; a long passage leads to the part which fronts the lake, and to the apartment into which one is ushered. The water rippled below the window,—which commanded the lake in its whole extent; the rugged barrier that surrounds its head; and the soft plain into which its wide expanded waters sink in the distance,—carrying the imagination to Verona, and the many recollections with which it is associated. I ordered a late dinner, at the hotel,—and bargaining for a little boat of which I should be sole master, I pushed off from below the inn windows; and rowed out upon the lake.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SOUTHERN TYROL.

The Lago di Garda; scale of Tyrolean productions; Riva, and its plain; Arco; return through the mountains to Trent; Calavino; a holiday in Trent; return to Botzen by the right bank of the Adige; journey to Meran; the castle of the Tyrol, and the old artist.

THE Lago di Garda is the least visited among the Italian lakes; for although Riva and the head of the lake, lie in the Tyrol, the Tyrolean frontier crosses the lake about a mile and a half lower down,—all the rest of the lake lying in Italy. The Lago di Garda is not visited, because it is not much in the way; the road indeed from Milan to Verona by Peschiera, skirts the foot of the lake,—but it is only Riva and the upper part

of the lake, that are remarkable for interest; and to visit these, a journey exprès must be made from Roveredo: and truly as I rowed down the lake from Riva, and looked back towards its head, encircled by its giant amphitheatre of mountains, and girded by the little plain of exquisite beauty, that lies between the mountains and the water, I thought it well deserving of the journey.

Although there are many features common to lakes, every lake has some distinctive feature of its own: softness and beauty are characteristics of some; the picturesque is the character of others; and a few, may claim the distinction of sublimity. The Lago di Garda unites the utmost softness, with features of desolate grandeur,—and in this fine and rare union, is not surpassed by any lake that I am acquainted with. I rowed about a league down,—and at sunset put about, to return to Riva. It was an evening of uncommon beauty; and the dark bosom of the lake, contrasted with the brilliant sunset that flamed

upon the mountains, presented a scene that is not to be beheld every day.

It is at Riva, and the head of the Lago di Garda, when we see the olive trees scattered over the banks,—the pomegranate kissing the little waves,—and the broad leaved fig tree, and its crooked branches, spreading in nooks of the rocks, that we are naturally led to glance retrospectively, at the productions of the Tyrol, from its northern and highest extremity, to the borders of the Lago di Garda; and there is something very interesting as well as curious, in this retrospect. From the summit of mount Brenner, to the southermost extremity of the Tyrol, one valley extends,—a valley about a hundred miles in length; and this valley exhibits a scale of productions more varied than will be found in any similar extent of territory. We have first, Alpine productions,—but to pass these over, and to note only the productions of cultivated land,—we have first then, barley, thin and scanty, and a few hardy vegetables. We come next to Indian

corn of a poor growth, with barley more vigorous; oats, grass, and firs. The third gradation brings us to a little wheat, mingled with all these; and to some walnut trees, besides fir. In the fourth division of the valley, we find Indian corn and wheat growing luxuriantly; vines beginning to appear; and fruit trees, especially the cherry, in abundance. The fifth gradation shows us, with all these productions, vines in luxuriance, and magnificent walnut trees entirely superseding the hardier wood. At the sixth step, we find some additions to these; the mulberry begins to appear; and fruits of the more delicate descriptions are found. The seventh division presents the vine in its perfection, the mulberry in its abundance; and the fruits we have seen before, in greater luxuriance. The eighth and last gradation shows us with all that we have seen before, the olive, the pomegranate, and the fig. The valley of the Adige is indeed peculiarly calculated for the display of this scale; the low temperature which in its upper parts, accompanies

its great elevation, gives us the productions of a northern latitude; while as we descend, the valley being open to the south, and shut in in every other direction, a vegetation is produced that belongs to a more southern latitude than the country enjoys.

A delightful day may be spent at Riva. As for the town, it is unworthy of its beautiful situation; it is every way ugly and uninviting; but no sooner do we walk out of it, than we find ourselves in a paradise. I have already said, that high mountains form an amphitheatre around the head of the lake; but between the foot of this barrier, and the lake, lies a plain—a perfect plain of about a league each way, whose fertility and beauty will vie with the celebrated Huertas of Spain; and which very far exceeds anything that is to be seen in the more temperate climates of England or France, or even among the low valleys of Switzerland. Not a breath of air, but from the south, can reach this little plain. The full blaze f the southern sun, pours constantly

into it; it is traversed by the fertilizing waters of the Scarca, and by several smaller streams; and the clouds attracted by the mountains, often burst over it in heavy rains: the consequence of all this, is a luxuriance of vegetation that scarcely belongs to the temperate zone.

The whole of this enchanting spot is thickly covered, or at least dotted with rows of olive trees, and fruit trees of every description; vines are trained upon these, and form a bower overhead; while below, are seen the most luxuriant crops of Indian corn, and of all kinds of grain. The same ground is therefore an orchard, a vineyard, and a corn field; and the effect of the whole, whether viewed from above, or walking through it, is not easy to be conceived. I spent the whole of the day on the lake,—or upon its banks, and spent it much to my mind; and perhaps the great excellence of the hotel, contributed in some degree, to the day's enjoyment. Let me not forget, among its excellences, the honesty of its master,—a truly rare qualification in the

neighbourhood of Italy. I shall not easily forget the beauty of this spot, or the view from the windows of the inn; and if ever I should be again even as near to it as Verona, I will certainly visit Riva.

I sent my cabriolet back to Trent, to wait my arrival there; for having learnt at Riva, that by following the Scarca through the plain, to the town of Arco, and then up among the mountains, I should find a path that would lead me back to Trent, I resolved upon returning that way, rather than by the road I had already travelled. The distance they said, was not more than seven leagues. I therefore left Riva early, and traversing the beautiful plain, reached Arco in about an hour. Arco is an old and rather an interesting looking town, situated about three quarters of a league from the head of the lake, and about a quarter of a league from the mountains; and surrounded by the fertile plain I have described. Here I breakfasted: it was Sunday morning; and some scores of men were playing at bowls in the

market place, while groups of neatly dressed women were sitting looking on: every one appeared cheerful; and baskets full of fruit for sale were ranged upon the ground. I remained but a short time at Arco; for being uncertain of my road, I judged it best to allow sufficient time for my journey to Trent.

Soon after leaving Arco, I passed its castle,—situated upon a high rock,—and reached the termination of the plain, and the commencement of the mountain path. The Scarca, which flows in a fine stream, neither sluggish nor rapid, through the plain towards the lake is scarcely to be recognized when we have followed it up to the mountains; it then becomes an impetuous torrent, and the path climbs by its side. When I had ascended about a league and a half above Arco, I found the river branch to the left, and the road along with it; but I knew that Trent lay to the right; and I therefore waded across, and found a path, more like a sheep walk than anything else, leading in the direction I desired. I had now only a

small rivulet tinkling beside me; and in less than a mile, it ended in a little lake. I was now in the midst of that majestic scenery which appeared so imposing as I crossed from Roveredo, and came first in sight of the Lago di Garda; and a nearer acquaintance with it, was not calculated to lessen the impression it had made; for a wilder or more desolate scene is not often around the traveller. I will not enlarge in the way of description; for description, if often repeated, becomes tedious; and conveys after all, but a feeble idea of what is intended to be conveyed,

I had been so improvident as to bring no scrip with me from Riva; for I was told I should find several hamlets by the way: the first I had seen however, was by the margin of this lake; it is called Calavino; and I would scarcely advise any traveller to trust to Calavino for the relief of his necessities. I entered a mud cottage,—the best I saw; and found only some very coarse bread, of barley; and some remarkably bad cheese. A cow they had; but it was feeding in

the mountains; and water was therefore the only beverage I could find. The inhabitants of this remote hamlet, had forced a scanty supply of grain, and some few vegetables, from the niggard soil; and I saw two or three pigs straying up and down. I can never forbear, in passing through remote villages like this, asking myself, how it has happened, that such spots have come to be peopled? and I have never been able to answer the question very satisfactorily. I asked the woman who served me, to whom the hamlet belonged? "to those who inhabit it," she said,—and the little cultivated land around? did it belong to them also; had it belonged to their fathers? she did not know, and I could get no farther: there is little doubt however, that it belonged to their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, some remote ancestor of whom, had shaped out a little possession by the labour of his hand, among wilds that had no doubt their lord, but which were unworthy of rivalry; and so prescription became there, as it does in most places, equivalent to title.

From this little hamlet, I continued to ascend in the direction in which I supposed Trent might lie; for the people of Calavino could give me no information upon the subject. I made a right choice however; for in about an hour after leaving this place, I gained the summit of the range, and saw the valley of the Adige below me, and Trent at no greater distance than a couple of leagues. From this spot, the eye might wander over the wole extent of the ample and beautiful valley,—on one side up almost to Botzen; and on the other, beyond the boundary of the Tyrol on the road to Verona. The descent into the valley was easy and agreeable; and before it fell dusk, I reached Trent, and the hotel, where I found my cabriolet and driver.

It chanced to be a holiday in Trent, I do not recollect upon what occasion; but it gave me an opportunity of seeing holiday dresses. All the promenades in the neighbourhood of the city were crowded; and I observed all the ladies in full dress,—without bonnets; and habited so as

they might have entered a ball room. Among the lower orders, all the shabby coats, and even rags, had disappeared, and holiday faces were set off by holiday clothes. I remarked, that there was little mingling among the sexes, in any rank; the ladies were unaccompanied by gentlemen; nor did I see among the lower classes, any greater appearance of gallantry. England, is of all the countries in Europe, that in which the love of gallantry is seen with the least disguise. A village feast is nothing without sweethearting; and with as much morality as in any other country, and with more than in most, there is in England, the least disguise put upon the feelings; and the freest exercise of that gallantry which is founded in nature, and which does not necessarily imply any departure from decorum.

At Trent, I had given my passport to be marked for Botzen; but when I enquired for it in the morning, I was told that the officer whose business it was to sign it, had been engaged with the fête; I begged it might be taken to him imme-

diately; but that, I was told was impossible; he was in bed: I said he could sign it in bed; but this was out of the question, for he never opened his bureau before ten. At length I found the way to this great man's house; and taking my passport myself, I endeavoured to prevail upon some one to intrude upon his slumbers, which were protracted till near nine o'clock: but no one was bold enough: and seeing no remedy, I ventured to present myself at his bed side,—stating the inconvenience I was put to, and my very great regret at disturbing his rest. The consequence was, that he violently rung the bell, and vehemently abused a couple of whiskered under officers, for having kept an English gentleman waiting upon so silly a pretext: he signed my passport,—and I suppose, returned to his slumbers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CENTRAL TYROL.

Return to Botzen; journey up the Adige to Meran; the castle of Tyrol, and its handicraftsman; journey to the Passeyer, and Hofer's house; an evening there.

In returning from Trent to Botzen, I somewhat varied my line of road,—though this is only in a certain degree possible, because the variation of route is of course circumscribed by the breadth of the valley. I crossed the river at St. Michael, sending the carriage forward, and returned on foot to Botzen by the right bank of the river. In the maps, St. Michael is marked on the left bank of the Adige,—but it ought to be placed upon the right bank. At St. Michael I spent a day, and employed it in ascending the bank of a con-

siderable river called the Noal, which at that point falls into the Adige. From St. Michael to Botzen, I passed through the villages which I had seen in descending the valley on the opposite side; and excepting that the cultivation is scarcely so perfect on the right as on the left bank of the Adige, the scenery and general characteristics both of the natural and moral world, are so nearly similar, that any detail of the route seems to be unnecessary. I reached Botzen the fourth day after leaving Trent; and was now ready to enter upon the last part of my journey, —from Botzen, ascending the Adige to its source, by Meran and Glurns.

This is the principal of the lateral valleys of the Tyrol, and in no part of it, are the primitive manners and appearance of the inhabitants more untainted. I left Botzen on foot, and took the road up the Adige to Meran. At first sight, this valley appears to be as fine and fertile as the principal valley of the Adige,—because vegetation is as luxuriant: but there is much swampy

land; and the Adige is divided into numerous channels which flow through a low level of reeds and rushes. About a league from Botzen however, the valley improves, and all the productions of the great valley are found in luxuriance,—and as we approach Meran, nature takes to herself all her attractions; and shows us a scene of as perfect beauty as any that is to be found in the Tyrol. One would imagine in approaching Meran, that there, the valley of the Adige terminates, for Meran appears to be encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains,—and lies in their hollow.

The town of Meran is an ancient straggling place without many attractions on its own account, but full of interest from being in the neighbourhood of the castle of the Tyrol; and from being itself, the only town of the ancient "Tyrol Proper." Here I again found myself among Tyroleans,—Tyroleans in appearance,—Tyroleans in manner,—Tyroleans in costume,—Tyroleans in feeling,—I am obliged to add, Tyroleans in superstition; for in the neighbourhood

of Meran, I again found the numerous images which had so distinguished the northern Tyrol, but which had suffered a great diminution in the southern part of the country. There is only one inn at Meran; and it is an excellent one; not excellent, as we should apply the word to an inn in Switzerland or in England; not elegantly furnished, and tastefully fitted up; but on the contrary, with uncarpetted floors, and wooden chairs, and unpolished tables,—yet excellent in the best sense of the word; for a more delicious dinner of game and fish, was never provided for the palate of a gourmand, than was laid out upon the walnut table,—covered with a cloth like the driven snow; which I think always gives an additional zest to what is placed upon it.

I have mentioned the castle of the Tyrol, called Schloss Tyrol. It is situated about three miles from Meran; and after partaking of the excellent dinner I have eulogized, I left Meran, to visit it. The road to it, after crossing the rich level, that lies between Meran and the mountains,

winds up the brow of the wooded acclivity upon which the castle stands. This acclivity is an outpost of the mountains that tower behind; but appears to have been separated from them, by some natural convulsion; and the castle spreads over its summit, which cannot be less than seven hundred feet above the plain. Nothing can be more imposing than the situation of this castle, or than the massive, grey, and time-worn ruins of the castle itself,—reposing upon the side of the dark, woody mountains; with rocks, and ravines, and cataracts around.

The castle itself, is almost a ruin in the interior, excepting one angle, which is inhabited by the artist I already mentioned, when speaking of the works of art in the museum of Inspruck. The emperor, to whom the castle belongs, permits him to reside in it; and there, he works at his ingenious handicraft, and makes himself drunk, by turns. I found him, seated in a small room, with all his work about him;—some half finished pipe heads, of curious workmanship,

and his knife—his only implement—in his hand. On a little buffet in the corner, stood two or three bottles; and from his manner, he appeared to have had recent intercourse with them. He was quite able to converse however; and after conducting me over the castle, he showed me a great work he had begun,—then indeed far advanced; but which, in all probability, will never be completed. It was a scripture piece (I forget the subject) carved in wood with extreme beauty and nicety. The old man is too proud to accept of money from a stranger; but it is expected no doubt, that one should buy a pipe-head.

The history of most of these ruined castles, is alike; and is seldom worthy of being related. It commences with some valorous knight, or baron who broke his lance many centuries ago; tells of tilts and tournaments; violence and plunder; sieges, and sallies, and surrenders; a medley of fable, and of uninstructive and uninteresting truth. The castle of the Tyrol, long in possession of the greatest lords of that country, came at

length, like most of the other castles, into the power of the Imperialists, and now remains with them. All this part of the Tyrol, more than any other part, abounds in these remains : the sides of the mountains are studded with them; and the natural beauty of this district, is by their means, materially heightened.

I had scarcely left the castle, when torrents of rain began to fall; and before I reached the foot of the mountain, the many brooks I had stepped over in going to the castle, were red rushing torrents, impassable by a step or a leap, and too rapid to be crossed in any other way with safety. Some of these torrents however, I conquered in one way, and some in another; and arrived at Meran wet up to the middle, and drenched with rain besides.

The neighbourhood of Meran possesses still another source of interest than that which is communicated to it by the vicinity of the castle of the Tyrol. The Passeyer, falls into the Adige at Meran. The valley of the Passeyer rises from

Meran; and four leagues up the valley, stands the house of Andrew Hofer. I devoted part of two days to an excursion thither.

From Meran, the road ascends the right bank of the stream, leaving the castle of the Tyrol on the left hand. At first, the valley is narrow, but gradually widens, though never losing the character of an upland valley: cottages and hamlets are scattered,—but thinly scattered, here and there; little rivulets tumble into the Passeyer, leaping from the adjoining steeps; and many gentle and beautiful scenes, open among the slopes and dells, that form the valley. Four hours' walk,—with many rests by the river side, and upon the stones that lay in its bed, brought me within sight of the house of Andrew Hofer. The brawling Passeyer, full of large stones, runs past the house at the foot of a little stone wall raised to protect it against torrents; a few trees grow round the house; and on either side, are seen mountains, their lower acclivities inclosed, and bearing a little corn; and a small church,

with a green spire, stands upon a neighbouring knoll. The house itself, is no ways remarkable: like most other houses in this part of the Tyrol, the entry to it is by a wooden stair outside, which leads to a little balcony. Several targets perforated in many places near the centre, were fixed to the wall,—evidences of Hofer's prowess in markmanship. In the house which is, and ever has been an inn, I resolved to spend the night.

I had finished a rural meal on the balcony, when four peasants of the neighbourhood walked in, to refresh themselves with a little wine: and possibly to see the stranger. They were fine looking, and intelligent men; and spoke without much reserve about the state of the Tyrol, and the patriot who had owned a home in that valley. One of them, a man about fifty years old, had known Hofer well, and had attended his obsequies; and when he said that the Austrian authorities, professing a reverence for him, had attended the procession, he spat with violence on the ground, to express contempt of the hypocrisy.

He represented Hofer as a sturdy broad shouldered man; with a high and capacious brow; eyes, a little sunken, and an honest expression of countenance: he wore mustachios, and a beard,—why the latter, I was not able to learn. We shared amongst us several bottles of tolerable wine; and drank to the memory of Hofer, and to better times.

It was dusk when the party broke up; and I accompanied one of the number to his house, about a mile farther up the valley: here, we repeated our toast; and in the old fashion, he accompanied me half way back. "We can never be otherwise than we are," said he, "unless France stretches her hand to us." It was a quiet and calm scene as I strolled leisurely back to the house of Hofer: there was only the noise of the stream, which guided me safely to my quarters.

I cannot pause in my narrative at a better place than here in the house of Hofer, to present the reader with a slight sketch of the war of 1809; and of the lives and fortunes of Speck-

bacher and Hofer, the chief actors in it; and a few words respecting the history of the Tyrol, may be thought an appropriate introduction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMOIR OF THE TYROLEAN WAR OF 1809; AND OF THE CHIEF ACTORS IN IT.

Historical sketch; state of the Tyrol under the Austrian dominion; its annexation to Bavaria; memoir of Hofer; commencement of the war; successes of the Tyrolese; fall of Inspruck; and surrender of General Wrede's forces.

TYROL, was the ancient Vindelicia,—and the name is said to be derived from Teriolis, an ancient castle in the valley of Venosta. Subjugated by the victorious arms of Augustus, the Tyrol subsequently shared the chequered fortunes of the Roman empire in its decline; and the valleys of the Eisach and the Adige, were doubtless among the highways, by which northern tribes poured into the plains of Italy. From the dominion of Rome, the Tyrol became subject to the

Ostrogothic empire; and was in later times, successively the property of the Lombards, the Franks, the Bavarians, and the Austrians.

During the middle ages, the Tyrol was subject to a number of petty lords, spiritual and temporal; but vassals in name, to the head of the Germanic empire; and at this day, there is no one among the European nations, where are to be found so many vestiges of the reign of feudalism. The first noble who appears to have gained any ascendancy, was Mainhard, count of Goerz and Tyrol, to whose exertions, Rudolph was chiefly indebted for his elevation to the empire. The race of Mainhards ultimately became extinct in the person of Margaret, surnamed Maultasch, or great mouth; and she having connected herself by two successive marriages, first with the princes of Bavaria, and then with the house of Austria, granted the reversion of her Tyrolese possessions to the dukes of Austria. This bequest gave rise to a fierce contest with the dukes of Bavaria, who disputed the succession; and the

quarrel was only terminated by the purchase, by count Rudolph, of his rival's claim. Margaret's grant was subsequently confirmed by Charles IV.; and since that period, the Tyrol has been an appanage of the Austrian family.

The value of the Tyrol, as a natural, and strong barrier against foreign aggression, was probably always felt by the house of Austria; and it has indeed been called, the shield of Austria: but as a source of revenue, it is only in later times that its importance has been at all appreciated. The first of the Austrian princes who interested himself in the improvement of his patrimonial territory, was Frederick the Fourth, son of Leopold the Second, who was killed at the battle of Sempach. The greater part of his life was spent in the prosecution of unsuccessful wars; but during the intervals of peace, he occupied himself in matters pertaining to legislation; and to his love of this country and its people, must be ascribed many of the privileges which the Tyroleans long after continued to enjoy. Nor were

they ungrateful to the house of Austria: their privileges unviolated; their prejudices even, respected; their fidelity remained unshaken: and it is little to be wondered at, that when the Tyrol was unceremoniously transferred to the dominion of Bavaria, the Tyrolese should have felt the change, and resolved to resist the transference.

By the 8th article of the treaty of Presburg, concluded in 1806, when the triumphs of the French arms put into the hands of the conqueror, the destinies of Austria; the Tyrol, and Voralberg were given to Bavaria, in exchange for the dutchy of Wurtzburg. This transference, made without consent of the Diet, and in opposition to the will of the people, might be considered an annihilation of Tyrolean privileges; and although Bavaria solemnly guaranteed to the Tyrol, all her ancient, and accustomed rights, this stipulation was speedily forgotten. The representative states were suppressed; the public funds were seized; ecclesiastical property was confiscated; and new taxes were levied.

The condition of the Tyrol under the Austrian government, had been that of a free state, enjoying the protection of a great monarchy. Austria, appreciating the independent, and warlike character of the people, and fully aware of the importance of maintaining their attachment, had studiously sought by acts of kindness and temperance, to conciliate their affection, and to secure for itself, the character of a paternal government. When therefore the Tyrolese saw themselves delivered over to the rule of Bavaria,—a power, towards which they had never entertained very cordial feelings; and when this transference was followed by a disregard of their privileges, and by many iniquitous and vexatious acts of oppression, a feeling of discontent spread rapidly among the people; and an insurrection, nominally in favour of Austria, but in reality, for the recovery of rights which belong to a free people, was gradually organized. Meanwhile, information of these events having been secretly communicated to the court of Vienna, and promises

of speedy and effectual aid having been received from the emperor, a correspondence was opened with the archduke John, who was then in the neighbourhood, and who, in frequent visits which he had made to the Tyrol, had become acquainted with the country, and attached to the people.

All was now ready for a blow being struck: the archduke John issued proclamations, which produced a strong impression upon the people; and thousands were prepared to join the standard of insurrection. But before proceeding with a sketch of these events, some slight notice of Hofer, and of the other chief actors in the insurrection, will be a fit introduction.

Andrew Hofer was born on the 22nd November 1767; so that when he was first called to take an active part in behalf of his country, he was approaching the mature age of forty two. His native village, as the reader already knows, was St. Leonhard, in the valley of Passeyer; which in early days belonged to the Earls of

Tyrol; but which afterwards became subject to Austria, and received from its new master, several exclusive privileges; among others, a right of pasture on the Eisach.

The name of Hofer's mother, was Maria Aignetleiterin; and his father, Joseph Hofer, kept an inn, as his ancestors had done, before him. The business of a publican, in the Tyrol, as I have already elsewhere observed, has always been one of great respectability; exercised for the most part, by persons otherwise in easy circumstances; and owners of a good many hereditary acres. Little is known of Hofer's early life; or at what period, or age, he entered upon his father's business. It is certain however, that his education, and more especially, his opportunities of improvement, were superior to others of the same rank with himself; for his time was not spent exclusively in the remote valley of Passeyer. Before he began, upon his father's death, to exercise the regular calling of a publican, he is known to have carried on a traffic in wines,

and also in horses: and must in consequence have made frequent journies to the lower districts of the Tyrol, and probably, even into the northern provinces of Italy; which is the more to be believed, since he is well known to have been acquainted with the Italian language.

Hofer, in his private character, was a man of strict integrity; and of unimpeachable morals. His public character is comprised in the word patriotism. But this love of country for which Hofer was so distinguished, was productive of blemishes, such as in a low state of society, and with comparatively scanty advantages, a blind devotion for country must necessarily produce. With him, all Tyrolean usages were sacred; and improvement and innovation, were alike the objects of his dislike. His attachment to the superstitions of the catholic church was deeply rooted; and it was indeed this veneration for his country, and all that it contained of good or bad, that gained him popularity; and perhaps also, that led him to deserve it.

In his habits, Hofer was naturally fond of ease; and this, as well as the cheerfulness of his disposition, led him into convivial excesses which are not unusual among his countrymen of the northern and central Tyrol; and it is even recorded of him, as an occurrence not unusual, that he led his peasant army to victory with a rosary in one hand, and a bottle in the other.

The talent of Hofer as a leader, may be best gathered from the events in which he took so prominent a part; he is generally represented however, to have been slow in decision, but intrepid in action; and although wholly unacquainted with military tactics, yet admirably fitted, from his perfect knowledge of the country, for the high destiny to which the affection of his countrymen called him.

In his personal appearance, Hofer was of Herculean make; though not much beyond the middle height; his gait was of that stooping kind, which is frequently acquired by the mountaineer; his eyes were black; his hair brown and bushy,

and his beard reached almost to his girdle. This was the ancient practice with inn-keepers, in the Tyrol; and the attachment of Hofer for old usage, was of itself sufficient to lead him to venerate it; besides that it is said, he once gained a wager of two oxen upon the length of his beard, and continued ever after to cherish it with peculiar regard.

Hofer's dress was not less characteristic of his truly Tyrolean predilections: he wore a large broad-brimmed hat, adorned with black ribbons, and black feathers; a short green coat; red waistcoat, with green braces over it; black breeches; red stockings; and most commonly half boots, laced in front, and tight to the ankle: he wore also constantly, a crucifix, and a medal of St. George; and a massive gold chain and medal, sent to him by the emperor.

Such, as far as I have been able to gather, was Andrew Hofer; and now let us turn to the events which give interest to his portrait.

All being now ready for revolt, the rising was

fixed for the ninth of April. The signals requisite to secure co-operation throughout the Tyrol, were agreed upon. The first of these, was sawdust thrown into the Inn and the Eisach, on the night of the 8th: the second, were signal fires, which on the night on the 9th, blazed from a hundred hill tops, and from the ruins of the ancient castles. Besides these, the peasantry of the Innthal were warned by women and children, who carried from house to house, throughout the valley, small balls of paper, upon which were written the words " S'ist Zeit." " It is time."

Two blows were struck on the same day,—the 10th of April. The Bavarian troops were driven down the Pusterthall to the valley of the Eisach, where, at Sterzing Moos, Hofer engaged and routed them, with a loss of nearly six hundred prisoners, and three hundred killed and wounded. But this day was still more memorable for the victory of Inspruck.

During the night of the 9th, Speckbacher, of whom I shall presently speak at great length,



attacked the monastery and bridge over the Inn at Volders, and driving in the Bavarian outposts, advanced under shelter of the darkness, near to the gates of Hall, and there waited the break of day. At that hour, the gates of the town being opened, Speckbacher and his chosen band rushed in, and speedily succeeded in forcing the Bavarians across the bridge. This first success, and the possession of so considerable a town as Hall, stimulated the Tyrolean peasantry to greater exertions, and not a day was lost in pushing their advantage. The adjacent valleys, poured in their volunteers, and the force continually augmenting in its march upon Inspruck, that city was attacked on the morning of the 11th by an army of twenty thousand men. General Kinkel, and more especially, Colonel Dittfurt, by whose regiment the city was chiefly garrisoned, fought every inch of ground; but the attack of so superior a force, unequal indeed in discipline to their adversaries, but armed with that moral power which is found only among patriots, was irresistible;

and before nightfall, the Tyrolese had peaceable possession of their capital.

I must not omit mention of a circumstance which contributed in no inconsiderable degree, to inspire with more sanguine hope, and with new courage, a people over whom the delusions of superstition at all times wielded an undue influence. Dittfurt, the Bavarian, had long rendered himself odious to the Tyrolese; both by his contempt of the people, which he made no secret of expressing, and on account of many excesses which he committed, both in a public and private capacity. This officer, being determined not to surrender himself prisoner, and perceiving escape to be impossible, fought with the fury and desperation of a man who is resolved to die, but equally resolved to part with life on the dearest terms. At length, pierced with many wounds, he was carried unresisting to the guard house,—and while lying in the agonies of death, he turned to those who stood near, and inquired who he was who had led the Tyroleans to victory. "No one led

us," answered they, " we fought equally for God, the Emperor, and our native land." To this, Dittfurt replied, that what they told him was false ; for that he had himself seen their leader frequently pass by on a white horse. This wild raving of a dying man, seized upon the superstitious minds of the peasantry,—and the belief amongst them was universal, that St. James, the Patron Saint of Inspruck, had fought on their side.

The occupation of Inspruck, naturally filled the victors with new hopes, and was followed by extravagant demonstrations of joy ; the public streets resounded with shouts of triumph and songs of liberty ; while in the churches, anthems of praise, rose to the God of battles. A slight check was offered to the rejoicings of the conquerors by the appearance on the morning of the 12th of a large column of French and Bavarians, defiling down the steeps of mount Brenner ; these troops under the command of general Wrede, made an assault upon the Tyrolese outposts ; but

being repulsed, they were forced to take up a position between the city and the opposite mountains. An easy victory now presented itself; hemmed in on both sides, the Tyrolese peasantry poured down from mount Brenner,—while the larger force from Inspruck, joined by an Austrian regiment under general Chastelar, advanced on the opposite side,—and the enemy perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The efforts of the Tyrolese were thus every where successful; and in less than one week, the Bavarians and French were obliged to abandon the whole of the northern and central Tyrol. In the southern Tyrol, they continued to occupy the city of Trent, till the 22d April, when it was also evacuated on intelligence being received of the Archduke John's victory at Sacile. But the events which filled up the month of May, were of a more checkered description.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Reverses; occupation of Inspruck by the French; contrast between the conduct of the Tyroleans and their enemies; preparations of the Tyrolese leaders; memoir of Speckbacher, and of Joseph Haspinger; advance of the Tyrolese; battle of Inspruck, and total defeat of the French and Bavarians; evacuation of Inspruck.

The fortune of war proving unsuccessful to the Austrians at Lundshut and Ratisbon,—and the Archduke being forced to retire from the States of Verona, the French army under generals Rusca, and D'Hilliers, penetrated into the Tyrol, by the valley of the Adige; while the victory obtained over the Austrians at Wörgl on the 13th once more left open the valley of the Inn, to the combined forces of France and Bavaria. The

Austrians under general Chastelar retreated across mount Brenner; and the peasantry not daring to oppose resistance to the formidable force that threatened the capital, and which was then advancing up the valley of the Inn, the enemy took possession of Inspruck, without opposition on the 17th of May.

A remarkable contrast was afforded in the conduct of the Tyrolese, and of their enemies, during the first struggle. Moderation in the hour of victory, is assuredly less to be expected from a people struggling against a foreign foe, for their privileges, and almost for their existence, than from those who are bent upon subjugation: a thousand outraged rights, and hereditary associations, might plead in palliation of excesses committed by the former; but no such apologies can be found in extenuation of acts of cruelty perpetrated by the invader. But in this first revolt of the Tyrol, rapid and complete victory was followed by the virtues of moderation and humanity; while on the other hand, the success of the

enemy was attended by all the wantonness of excess, and was even stained by acts of deliberate cruelty. The march of the conquerors from the victory of Wörgl to Inspruck, was marked by the desolations of fire and sword; towns and villages were given up to plunder, and then abandoned to the flames; and the inhabitants were either put to the sword, or were forced to fly from their burning dwellings, to the shelter of their mountains.

The enemy although in possession of Inspruck, made no immediate attempt to push their advantage. Undoubtedly had they been in possession of authentic intelligence of the events that had recently taken place in the southern Tyrol, they would have forced the passage of mount Brenner, and formed a junction with the generals Rusca and D'Hilliers. The mountain passes being however in the possession of the peasantry, couriers were intercepted; and the captors of Inspruck remained ignorant of all that had occurred to the south of mount Brenner. But from this

ignorance and indecision, important consequences resulted. The Austrian generals had resolved upon quitting the Tyrol ; but general Buol, who occupied, with a small Austrian force, the heights of mount Brenner, finding that no attempt was made to dislodge him, yielded to the entreaties of Hofer, and resolved to aid the Tyrolese in a second attempt to rid their country of the French and Bavarians.

We are now on the eve of the most important battle which was fought during the continuance of this unequal struggle. As May drew to a close, the operations of the Tyrolese were concentrated upon the Innthal ; Speckbacher had roused the peasantry of the lower valley of the Inn, and was slowly moving upon the capital; Teimer, then major in the Austrian service, had crossed the mountains from the valley of the upper Adige, to the upper Innthal, and descended upon the capital, at the head of a body of peasantry. Hofer, with his band, was posted on mount Brenner, ready to drop down upon In-

spruck; higher up, general Buol remained, with a body of Austrian regulars; and Jochaim Haspinger had stationed himself with a band of peasants, on the Iselberg. The four chiefs of the Tyrolese were therefore all ready at this time, to co-operate in an attack upon the Bavarian army. But before proceeding, it will be interesting to speak more particularly, of the chiefs whose names I have mentioned.

Joseph Speckbacher was born in the year 1768 in the mountain village of Gnadenwald, in the lower Innthal. He was left an orphan at the tender age of seven; and although his relations bestowed upon him the cares which necessity devolved upon them, little Speckbacher did not profit by them. Learning had no charms for him; and at a very early age, he was found from morning till night among the mountains, with his rifle over his shoulder; pursuing the Roe, or engaging the Lammergeyer. By and bye however, he totally abandoned all settled habitation, and consorting with a set of lawless companions,

he became a border robber; subsisting by the chase when successful; but when necessity or inclination prompted him, making incursions on the Bavarian territory; and retreating with the produce of his gun, into the hollows of the Tyrolese Alps. This, although a bad school of morals, was an admirable preparation for the scenes in which Speckbacher was afterwards engaged. Frequent pursuit, and constant danger, taught him both resolution and wariness; he acquired an intimate knowledge of the country,—a knowledge indispensable in mountain warfare; and the peril to which he had often been exposed within the Bavarian frontier, nursed in him, those feelings of hatred towards Bavaria, which are felt less or more, by every inhabitant of the northern Tyrol.

Speckbacher however, relinguished this irregular life, some years before he was called upon to take a part in the political events that united the patriots of the Tyrol. It is said, that he was turned from his lawless courses, by seeing one of his

companions shot in a rencontre with a band of chasseurs; but be that as it may, it is certain, that about the mature age of twenty-eight, he returned to his native valley,—married Maria Schmeider who brought him a small property, and entered into a contract to supply the salt works of Hall, with wood. He even applied himself to study; and made himself master of the ordinary rudiments of education: and from this period, he appears to have been satisfied with the duties and cares of domestic life, and quiet occupation, until the events took place, which called him from the obscurity of his native valley.

Of Joseph Haspinger little is known, until he exchanged the silence of his cell, for the din of war,—for Haspinger was a capuchin friar; and although accounted one of the most formidable of the Tyrolean leaders, he carried into battle, only the spiritual weapons which he brought from the cloister. Clothed in his brown garment, and rope girdle, he carried in his hand a large ebony crucifix, which, it is said, was used not only to

warm the enthusiasm of his followers, but also to thin the ranks of the enemy; and Haspinger being a man of Herculean make, is said to have performed as many miracles by the strength of his arm, as with the invisible weapons of faith and devotion. Haspinger obtained among his followers, the surname of Rothbard, or Redbeard,—owing to the size and colour of that appendage. The circumstances attending the further fortunes of Haspinger, and Speckbacher, will form the subject of a future narrative.

Of Teimer, I am only enabled to say, that his fortunes are said to have somewhat exceeded his merits; he was made a baron, and was presented by the emperor, with the cross of Maria Theresa, —honours to which Hofer never attained; and it is undoubtedly some reflexion upon the character of Hofer, that the distinctions conferred upon Teimer, created a jealousy between these chiefs, which in some degree injured the success of the common cause. Let me now return from this digression to the progress of the war, and the details of the important battle of the 29th.

Some fighting took place on the 25th, in the neighbourhood of the Iselberg; and was occasionally renewed during the three following days, but without any manifest advantage to either side: but on the morning of the 29th, both parties prepared for battle; the Tyrolese for a general assault; and the Bavarian regulars to oppose to it; the coolness, discipline, and superior advantages which they possessed. The whole force of the Tyroleans amounted to 18,000 men: of that number, 17,000 were peasantry, badly accoutred for war; scantily supplied with ammunition; under separate leaders; and bound together, only by that enthusiasm which is usually considered but a feeble adversary, when opposed to discipline and experience. A thousand Austrian regulars fought on the side of the Tyrolese; and a small band of sixty or seventy horse, and five pieces of cannon, completed the army.

Opposed to this force, were eight thousand Bavarian infantry,—nearly one thousand caval-

ry; and twenty-five pieces of cannon,—the whole under the command of general Deroy.

The battle commenced soon after day-break, by the attack of the right wing of the Tyrolese, headed by Speckbacher, upon the bridge of Hall; and the engagement soon became general. Haspinger and his followers descended from the Iselberg, and attacked the enemy with all the fury which patriotism conjoined with superstition begets; Teimer fell upon the rear of Bavarians from the Hottingen,—while Hofer at the head of a numerous body of peasantry, sometimes waving aloft his sword, sometimes his rosary, hastened down the Brenner, and carried terror and victory in whatever direction he led his followers. The descent of Hofer from the Brenner, was not however till towards mid-day; Speckbacher had carried the bridge of Hall, and earned the surname of Der Feuer-teufel,—Fire Devil; and Haspinger had shown in more ways than one, the power of his ebon cross, while Hofer was carousing in an inn with his friends. When however, he put

himself at the head of his countrymen, he repaired the fault of delay; and it is said, that to his individual prowess, and the confidence with which his example inspired his followers, much of that day's success may be attributed. The Bavarians were nowhere able to resist the furious attack of their assailants; who closed upon them, and thus deprived them of the advantage which their better arms gave them in more distant warfare. Towards sunset, a truce of twenty-four hours was agreed upon; for although the Tyrolese had been everywhere successful, yet the enemy were in possession of Inspruck; and without cannon, and war munition, the victors were in no condition to assault the Bavarians within their intrenchments. The truce however, afforded leisure for reflexion; general Deroy found that one half of his whole army were put hors de combat, while the remainder, dispirited by the events of the day, were in no condition to engage an enemy flushed with victory, and whose loss was more than supplied by the bands of peasantry

who were seen from time to time hastening down the mountains to augment the patriot army. A retreat was resolved on; and here, knowledge and discipline displayed their advantages. Inspruck was silently evacuated on the night of the 30th; and notwithstanding the keen pursuit of Speckbacher, and a large part of the army, the Bavarians succeeded in retreating down the Inn-thal, without loss, and almost without firing a gun. Meanwhile, the Tyrolese entered Inspruck; and the whole of the Tyrol being now freed from the Bavarians, a short interval of repose succeeded, to be afterwards broken by new calls for exertion, and fresh misfortunes.

During the whole of the month of June, and part of July, the Tyrolese remained in undisturbed possession of their country, with the exception of Kufstein, which Speckbacher had unsuccessfully blockaded. But difficulties of the most formidable kind surrounded the Tyrolese. The peasantry, brave, and united in danger, returned to the independent habits of mountaineers

when danger appeared no longer near; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that an organized force could be held together. The civil and military government of the country were both in disorder: arms, ammunition, and above all, money, were wanting: and the co-operation and assistance of Austria became every day feebler. It was in the midst of these difficulties, that the decisive battle of Wagram was followed by an armistice between France and Austria; and at the same time with the intelligence of these events, an order was received by Hormayr, the Austrian governor, to evacuate the Tyrol; while the Tyrolean chiefs were commanded to lay down their arms, disband their followers, and receive the Bavarians as their masters.

It was now that the patriotism of the Tyrolese burst forth. Hitherto, encouraged and aided by their natural protectors, they had fought for their Austrian allegiance, as well as for their own liberties: attachment and loyalty towards the house of Austria, had mingled with their patriot-

ism; and the character of independent Tyrolese, could not be separated from that of Austrian subjects. But the aspect of affairs was now changed: deserted by Austria, they resolved to be true to themselves; and we have now before us, the noble spectacle of a few hardy and brave mountaineers resolving to be free, at a time when the iron hand of despotism had crushed the liberties of Europe. 'We have fought for the rights of Austria," said they, "let us now fight for our own."

Till this exigency had arisen, Hofer had been entrusted by Hormayr, with the command in the southern Tyrol; and upon receiving like the other chiefs, an order to lay down his arms, he at first hesitated, and then required twelve hours for consideration. This interval was spent, partly in consultation with his fellow patriots, and partly in devotion; and at the expiration of the period, he announced himself as commander-in-chief of the Tyrolese; and erected the standard of revolt. The peasantry flocked to him in

thousands; numbers of the Austrians, in place of obeying the order to join the evacuating army, deserted to him,—won over by the eloquence of the Tyrolese,—or by the noble patriotism of their leader. The whole of the Austrian troops in the Voralberg followed this example, declaring that they would never desert their brothers the Tyrolese; and another energetic and desperate effort was resolved upon for the recovery of independence.

Meanwhile, baron Hormayr, general Buol, and the main body of the Austrians, prepared to evacuate the country; but before quitting the Tyrol, Hormayr used every persuasion to induce Hofer to abandon his design of resistance,—representing to him the hopelessness of the attempt; the power, and number of his foes; the inevitable consequences of subjugation; and the many other reasons which a cool political, and an experienced general may be supposed to urge, against the wisdom of resistance by a handful of undisciplined mountaineers without resources, to

the collected force of an army that had already subjugated Europe. But whether it might be, that Hofer looked with a more sanguine eye than his adviser, upon the enterprise which he had undertaken; or, that having accepted from his countrymen, the chief command,—pride, or vanity forbade the relinquishment of his honours,—he resisted the entreaties of baron Hormayr, who soon afterwards left the Tyrol along with the Austrian troops, excepting that portion of them which he had resolved to stand by the Tyrolese. Speckbacher, notwithstanding his devotion to his country, was of a less uncompromising disposition than Hofer; and somewhat dispirited by his want of success in attempting to reduce the town and fortress of Kufstein, Hormayr and general Buol found less difficulty in persuading him, of the impracticability of defending the Tyrol and re-establishing its liberties. He resolved to accept the offer to the Austrian commanders, and retire with them, to Austria; and accordingly, after having visited his native village, and taken

leave of his family, he joined the Austrian officers, and crossed the Brenner. But it was so ordered, that Speckbacher's deeds on behalf of his country, were not to be eclipsed by his apostacy. It chanced, that while Speckbacher descended towards Sterzing, Andrew Hofer was traversing the same path with a band of mountain patriots. Hofer recognized his former associate in arms, among the Austrian officers, as their open carriage passed under a projecting rock upon which he stood; he knew that Speckbacher was deserting his country; and while tears started to his eyes, he exclaimed, "Ah my comrade, they are leading thee to ignominy." Speckbacher heard the reproachful, and pitying words of Hofer; and caught a glimpse of his person, as he cast his eyes upwards. In that moment Speckbacher formed his resolution: at Sterzing, he secretly quitted his companions; and procuring a horse, spurred him up the mountain road, and rejoined Hofer. Here, on the Brenner, they offered up prayers for their country, and bound themselves by

a solemn agreement, to live and die for her liberties.

It has been generally admitted, that Hofer, notwithstanding his patriotism and bravery, was not equal to the supreme command which in obedience to the wishes of his countrymen, he had assumed. As a Guerilla chief, his qualities would have been invaluable; or in a subordinate command, his fearlessness, and his intimate acquaintance with the country, would have fitted him for daring and successful enterprize; but neither his education, nor the turn of his mind, qualified him for the organization and direction of extensive military operations; still less for those cares of civil government, which after the retirement of the Austrian heads, necessarily devolved upon the person in chief authority.

On the 31st of July, when the duke of Dantzic entered Inspruck, Hofer, yet undecided as to his plan of operations, remained inactive in his native valley, giving already sufficient evidence of that indecision which resulted in a great measure from

a consciousness in his own limited knowledge of warfare, and which was partly an inheritance of nature; and accordingly in the first fruits of the league of revolt that had just been formed, Hofer bore no part. Three of the Tyrolean leaders Schenk, Mayer, and Kenmater, sought and found Joseph Haspinger in his convent in Clausen; and in his cell, the plan of operations was first concocted: Haspinger again suffered himself to be persuaded to leave the cloister for the battle field, —and to take that direction in the military affairs of the Tyrol which had already on so many occasions, helped the Tyroleans to victory. Hostilities accordingly recommenced on one of the first days in August.

It was on the 4th of August, that the general rising of the peasantry took place; and their first attack was made that very day, on a body of French and Saxon troops, who were strongly posted on the Eisach; and during several days an uninterrupted contest of the fiercest description was maintained in the valley of the Eisach. The

object of Haspinger was, to prevent the enemy from descending the valley to Brixen, and thus penetrating into the lower Tyrol; and the struggle was in consequence the most furious and deadly at the two bridges, which the French and Saxons endeavoured to force, and which the Tyrolese had resolved either to defend, or to destroy. The bravest efforts of the former were unsuccessful; man to man, the combatants fought on the planks; and when the more disciplined tactics of the invaders, and the greater power of their artillery, would have forced the passage, the Tyrolese succeeded in setting fire to the bridges: with the fall of the bridges hundreds were precipitated into the river; and those who have travelled by the torrent of the Eisach, will readily believe, that they were hurried to quick destruction.

Weakened by loss of numbers, and discouraged alike by want of success, and by the fall of many of their leaders, the enemy retreated up the valley of the Eisach; and the Tyrolese having quickly erected temporary bridges, became pur-

suers. Perilous is the retreat of an army up the valley of the Eisach. If a hostile, though unarmed peasantry possess the heights that command the defile, scarcely will one man pass the Brenner. So it was proved in this retreat. The peasantry roused by the protracted contest, had assembled in force on the heights; and foreseeing the event, had busied themselves in felling trees, and loosening stones, above the valley; and these, aided by Tyrolean rifles, almost exterminated the remnant which the waters of the Eisach had spared. But we now approach still more important events,—first to speak of the celebrated immolation of the French and Bavarian force under the duke of Dantzic.

After the repulse of the French and Saxons, which has just been recorded, the duke of Dantzic,—resolved to atone for the disasters which had befallen a part of his army, incensed at the obstinate defence of the Tyrolese, and anxious to justify by his own acts, the animadversions he had freely passed on general Wrede, who had

permitted himself to be repulsed by an undisciplined peasantry,—put himself at the head of the French and Bavarians, hastily crossed the Brenner, and took possession of Sterzing. Meanwhile Hofer, at the head of the Landsturm, had crossed the mountains from the valley of the Passeyer, and was ready to fall down upon Sterzing; Speckbacher had taken up a position a little to the south of Sterzing.—while Haspinger, after pursuing the remnant of the French and Saxons, had halted in the narrow gorge which extends down the valley of the Eisach from Sterzing. The three leaders of the Tyroleans, and the whole force of the peasantry were therefore concentrated near Sterzing.

The duke of Dantzic resolved to lose no time in completing the conquest of the southern Tyrol: and almost immediately, ordered the advance of four thousand Bavarians to force the gorge in which it was supposed the troops under Haspinger were posted. It is said, that much disinclination was shown to obey this order. The knowledge of

the Tyrolese character; the nature of the warfare which they had already partially employed; and the dangerous appearance of the defile into which they were desired to penetrate, filled the hearts of the troops with a presentiment of evil. One of the Saxon officers, who wrote a relation of the events that followed, says, "our entrance into the passes, was opposed but by some small corps, which fell back, after an obstinate resistance. Among others of our assailants, I perceived a man full eighty years old, posted on the side of a rock, by the path, over the deep channel of the river, sending death among our ranks, from the unerring rifle which he rested on a branch of a tree. Some Bavarians were ordered to make him prisoner; ere the first could reach him, he was struck down by a ball; and the old man throwing away his rifle with a loud "hurrah," sprung forward: and seizing the second, cried out, "in God's name," and sprung with him into the gulf beneath."

The Bavarian force continued to advance into the gorge: and as the troops silently and now

unopposed, defiled through the pass, a voice was heard among the impending precipices, saying, "Stephen, shall I chop it off yet," to which a loud "nay, not yet" reverberated from the opposite side of the ravine. Intelligence of what had been heard, was immediately carried to the duke Dantzic, who however, treated the information lightly, and ordered the column to advance: and, now the whole four thousand Bavarians were within the gorge; and while waiting the order from the duke of Dantzic, had halted. Suddenly a loud voice was heard above, "Hans for the most Holy Trinity," to which there was an immediate response from the opposite rocks, "in the name of the most Holy Trinity cut all loose above," and the next moment an avalanche of trees, rocks, and stones, thundered down the precipices, overwhelming the helpless thousands below, and sweeping hundreds, into the dark torrent that raged at an immense depth beneath. For a moment, a death-like silence followed the roar of the avalanche, broken only by the groans

of the maimed and dying: the terrified survivors turned and fled; but a destructive fire was opened upon them from the rocks and trees,—and the few who escaped had scarcely reached the main body, when Hofer and Speckbacher descended upon the enemy's flanks, while Haspinger followed up his success in their rear. A natural panic seized the forces of the duke of Dantzic, and the whole army commenced a hasty retreat, —which speedily came a route: the whole material of the army was abandoned; and the troops consulting only their own safety, fled with precipitation across the Brenner. It is said, that the duke of Dantzic was the first to carry the news of his defeat to Inspruck; and it is recorded, that at the same time that the broken remnant of this army entered Inspruck, the remains of a body of seventeen thousand Bavarians entered that city from the west side, having been defeated and routed in an attempt to penetrate into the upper valley of the Adige, by the pass of the Finstermunz.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Advance of the Tyrolese upon Inspruck; preparations of the duke of Dantzic; state of both armies; second battle of the Iselberg; disposition of the forces, and their leaders; total defeat of the French and Bavarians; results of the battle; flight of the duke of Dantzic; Hofer's triumphal entry into the capital; Hofer's government of the Tyrol; his qualifications, and deportment; embassy of congratulation from the emperor Francis; application to the British government; further successes of the Tyrolese, and visionary projects.

THE successes which have just been narrated, were vigorously followed up by the Tyrolean leaders, who hotly pursued their flying enemies, and concentrated their forces on the Isel mountain, opposite the city; the scene of their former victor of the 29th of May. The duke of Dantzic, also made extraordinary exertions to put himself in such a condition as might enable him to take

the field: his scattered troops were collected; his outposts, and corps of observation were hastily recalled; and he speedily found himself at the head of twenty-five thousand disciplined troops, with a train of forty pieces of artillery; a force greatly out-numbering that of the Tyrolese, which amounted at the utmost to eighteen thoutand, with a scanty field artillery; and, with the exception of about three hundred Austrians, consisting of ill-armed, and half disciplined peasantry.

But, if there was this disparity in numbers, and discipline, it was partly atoned for by those moral advantages which sometimes wrest the battle from the strong. The army of the duke of Dantzic was composed in a great measure, of men who had been beaten, and who were dispirited by ill-success: the presence of their leader, who had shared their misfortunes, inspired them with no confidence; and independently of the Guerilla warfare by which their enemies had annoyed them, they had witnessed a resolution, and

individual bravery, in open warfare, that can be expected only from those who fight for the liberties of their country.

Repeated victories on the other hand, filled the Tyrolese with confidence; they despised, as well as hated their enemies. Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger, they regarded not merely as invincible soldiers, but as men under the immediate protection of heaven; and their cause, was not only the cause of liberty and of their country, but had acquired in their minds, a certain sacredness, that had at least as much of religion in it, as of patriotism. Such were the physical, and such, the moral strength of the two armies, that on the morning of the 12th of August, prepared to put the fortunes of the Tyrol to the hazard of a battle.

The Tyrolese army, as has already been said, was posted on the slopes of the Iselberg; Hofer commanded in person; and had his head quarters at a small public house called the Spade: the right wing was commanded by Speckbacher,—

while Haspinger, and count Joseph Mahr, led on the rest of the army. During the night, Haspinger, the capuchin, roused his brother in arms Hofer,—whose turn of mind in matters pertaining to religion, had no small affinity with that of the monk: together, they retired from their sleeping comrades, and sought the church-yard of Wilten, almost within the Austrian outposts: there, their brave companions in arms slain in the battle of the 29th May had been buried,—and there, Haspinger and Hofer, prayed to God, to bless their arms,—and renewed their vows on behalf of liberty and their country.

The army of the duke of Dantzic was drawn up on the plain, which lies between the city and the Iselberg,—the position of the enemy. Before six in the morning, firing began; and the Bavarians and French commenced an attack on the Tyrolese who were posted at the bridge of the Sill. Hofer advanced to support the position, and the battle became general. The broken and wooded nature of the battle field, as well as the village

of Wilten, prevented the duke of Dantzic from making effectual use of his artillery: the battle became an individual conflict on the bridge of the Sill, and in the village and church-yard of Wilten,—a conflict in which individual physical and moral strength, were alike in favour of the Tyrolese. Their assailants, wh at first thought to dislodge them from their position, were soon forced to stand on the defensive; for the Tyrolese having succeeded in making themselves masters of the bridges, now sought to force the approaches to the city. The last great struggle took place in the church-yard of Wilten, where Hofer and Haspinger doubtless remembered the solemnities of the preceding night; and which was soon covered with the slain. The Bavarians, after an obstinate contest, gave way; Speckbacher rushed into the contest with the right wing; and the victory was won. The enemy fled back to Inspruck; and the victorious Tyrolese pressing on, the defeated army almost immediately evacuated the capital, crossing the Inn, and retreating down

the Innthal, upon Saltzburg. Speckbacher followed with his fresh troops, and again gained an easy victory over the rear guard of the enemy, at Schwatz; and, subsequently pursued the enemy to the frontiers of the Tyrol; which was thus, a second time, delivered from its enemies.

The loss in the battle of the 12th of August has been variously stated. All accounts admit, that the Tyrolese made seventeen hundred prisoners. The Tyrolese account states the Bavarian loss at seven thousand killed and wounded; and their own, at fifty killed, and one hundred and thirty-two wounded. The Bavarian account estimates the loss of the Tyrolese at one thousand; and states their own, at five thousand. It is certain however, that the victory was complete; and that the loss on the side of the Bavarians must have been great; since their army, with a superiority of seven thousand before the battle, and with a fine train of artillery, could not make a stand in the city.

On the third day after the battle, Hofer made

his triumphal entry into Inspruck; he took up his residence in the imperial palace; assumed the title of imperial commandant of the Tyrol; (for it will be observed, that he ever retained his devotion to the house of Austria,) and even held a court. Hofer's abilities were now to be tried in a new character—in the art of government; and although it has been attempted to be shown, that his genius did not always qualify him for the discharge of the duties which were forced upon him by circumstances, it is undeniable, that much was effected by him in restoring order, and in re-organizing the government, during the few months in which the Tyrol was permitted to enjoy the tranquillity which had been purchased on the battle field.

The orders given, and the edicts issued by Hofer, were received by his countrymen with that respect which flowed from the veneration in which he was held, as the saviour of his country; and the government, if it had not altogether the wisdom that can be taught only by experience,

was not deficient in energy; and commanded as implicit obedience as is yielded to a despotic prince. His acts of government were all dictated by a regard for his country; or by its necessities. He issued a new coinage; he levied taxes, to such an extent as was deemed necessary for the prosecution of the war; and he restored the ordinary course of justice which war had interrupted.

But notwithstanding, that in his public capacity, Hofer exercised the authority almost of a dictator, he maintained in his private life and manners, that simplicity and unostentatious stile of living, which still bespoke him the peasant of the Passeyer. He still retained his national peasant dress; his long beard; and his simple, unaffected deportment: he exacted no tribute of respect, other than that which was shown by obedience to his orders: he was still addressed by the name of Anderl; in his intercourse with others, he neither claimed nor received any distinction; and so simply was his table seth forth, that it is said, the expenses of his establishment

did not exceed one florin daily. Nor did his sense of dependence on a higher power than the arms of his countrymen, desert him; prosperity did not lessen his constitutional piety. Nothing was permitted to interfere with his regular devotions; and it is recorded of him, that when the hour of this evening devotion arrived, he would say to those who had been his guests at dinner, "we have eaten together; let us pray together."

In this position, matters remained during the months of August and September. On the 28th of the latter month, an unexpected messenger arrived at Inspruck: this was Eisentecken,—one of those who had abandoned their country and sought a refuge in Austria with Hormayr, at a time when the fortunes of the Tyrol seemed desperate. He, among others, had no doubt, deeply regretted, that he should have had no share in the glory that since his departure, had descended on the arms of his country; and desirous of again uniting himself with its fortunes, and of wiping off the stain that attached to him, he accepted the

office of a messenger of congratulation from the emperor Francis,—and was the bearer from his imperial majesty, of a letter from the emperor, and of a gold chain and medal, to be presented to Andrew Hofer. He also brought with him the small pecuniary aid of three thousand ducats. Hofer, it is said, long declined an interview with his former associate in arms, so deeply wounded had he been by his former conduct: old recollections however prevailed; and he consented to be reconciled to Eisentecken, who afterwards proved the sincerity of his repentance, by his exertions on behalf of his country,—so long at least, as his country had need of them.

It was resolved to connect the expression of the emperor's approbation, with the celebration of a solemn fast, which was fixed for the 4th of October. On that day, the abbot of Wilten performed high mass, in the church of the Holy Cross; and at the conclusion of the ceremonial, Hofer kneeling at the foot of the tomb of Maximilian, was invested by the prelate, with the tes-

timonial of the emperor's favor, amid the acclamations of thousands of his countrymen. Hofer ever afterwards, continued to prize greatly, this imperial gift; let us hope however, less as the gift of a monarch, than as a badge of the services which he had rendered, or attempted to render to his country.

Let me not forget to notice, that Hofer, in devising the best means of maintaining the independence of the Tyrol, had cast his eyes towards England; and that at this time, deputies were sent to London, to crave assistance from the English government. Much sympathy with the cause of the Tyrolese was excited in England, on the arrival of the deputies; but the British government, being then occupied with new preparations for disputing the possession of the Peninsula with Napoleon, as well as with the prosecution of the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, could not render any very effectual aid. A letter of condolence and regret, that the call of the Tyrol could not be answered, and accompanied, I think, with

some pecuniary aid, is preserved in the museum of Inspruck.

While Hofer remained in Inspruck, success still for a time, continued to attend the exertions of Haspinger and Speckbacher, who had conjoined their forces, and followed the remains of the duke of Dantzic's army down the Innthal. These chiefs, crossing the frontiers of the Tyrol, entered the province of Salzburg, and uniting with the people of that country, continued their warlike operations against the Bavarians, with the view of extending to Salzburg and Carinthia, the advantages which their valour had already purchased for the Tyrol. In a sharp conflict on the the river Saal, the Bavarians were defeated by Speckbacher, who penetrated to Reichenhall; while Haspinger, pushing his successes still farther, advanced almost to the gates of Salzburg. It is said, that Haspinger, beginning to think himself invincible, indulged in the most extravagant dreams of conquest; and that he went so far as to forward to Inspruck for the approval of

Hofer, a project by which he proposed to traverse Styria, and even to gain the Austrian capital,—trusting for co-operation to the friendly dispositions of the Germanic people. Hofer, although he did not sanction this plan, was yet weak enough to direct a continuance in operations, far beyond the strength and resources of his country; and Haspinger and Speckbacher continued offensive warfare on the side of Salzburg.

But the fortunes of the Tyrol were now about to change; and that country was destined to own the same dominion, which had already extended over the other Germanic nations.

CHAPTER XXX.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR.

Threatening aspect of affairs; the Tyrol menaced on all sides; proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois; the Tyrolese evacuate Inspruck; the peace of Vienna; Hofer refuses to lay down his arms; losses of the Tyrolese, and termination of the war; narrative of Hofer's last days, his flight, concealment, arrest, and execution; the fortunes of the other Tyrolean chiefs.

The Tyrol was now threatened on both sides, by armies which it was impossible the slender resources, or even the pure patriotism of the Tyrolese could long resist. Peiri at the head of 6,000 men, entered the southern Tyrol, took possession of Roveredo and Trent,—and advanced up the valley of the Adige, as far as Lavis; there he was met by Eisentecken, of whom mention has already been made; and this chief, desirous of effacing the recollection of his former weakness,

attacked his enemies with a very inferior force,—routed them,—and retook Trent. This, was the last victory of the Tyrolese.

But on the side of Salzburg, things looked more threatening. About the middle of October, a strong body of Bavarians, advanced from that city, successfully attacked Speckbacher at Melek,—killed and wounded the flower of his troops,—his son Anderl, being among the slain,—and forced the Tyrolese within their frontier. At this juncture, generals Wrede and Deroy advanced at the head of a French army from the same side, and joining the Bavarians, presented a force altogether irresistible. Kossen, Kufstein, and Rattenberg, fell successively into their hands; and it was known at the same time, that general Rusca had entered the Tyrol at Lienz, and was advancing through the Pusterthal towards Prunecken. On the side of Trent also, the southern Tyrol was again threatened by Peyri.

The affairs of the Tyrol now appeared desperate: Eugene Beauharnois issued proclamations

of pardon to all who had taken up arms; and the peasantry no longer encouraged to resistance by their chiefs, laid them down by hundreds. Hofer also wavered. Naturally superstitious, he had imbibed a superstitious notion, unhappily too prevalent throughout Germany during the wars with Napoleon, that the French were invincible, and that providence had decreed success to their arms. This belief took so strong a hold of him, that he offered to give himself up to general Drouet; and issued a proclamation owning the hopelessness of the cause. But a new feeling of patriotism again roused him to action, and resistance.

Early in November, the enemy had penetrated the Tyrol on all sides,—and the Innthal as far as Hall, being overrun, Hofer evacuted Inspruck, on the 5th of November, and drew up his forces on the Iselberg, as he had done on the two former occasions, when victory had crowned his arms. The enemy entered Inspruck on the same day that Hofer evacuated it; but though vastly supe-

rior in force, they did not think fit to attack the Tyrolese in their position. It had already been the scene of two victories; and they were well aware, that even if their numbers should prevail, victory could not be purchased but at a great sacrifice,—since the Tyrolese might be expected to fight with all the advantage which a recollection of their former victories might give them, and with the desperation which a consciousness of their present forlorn condition would infallibly communicate to their exertions. It appears however, that Hofer did not retain that confidence in his cause which would otherwise have led him to the assault, or decided him to await the attack of his enemies; for next day he left his position and retreated to Steinach.

On the 8th November, intelligence was received by Hofer from the archduke John of the ratification of the peace of Vienna,—accompanied by a second proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois, commanding an instant cessation of hostilities. On the same day, Hofer issued his proclamation,

laying down his command,—and advising his followers to lay down their arms. But unhappily, the insidious counsel of a Tyrolese, named Kolb, again unsettled the resolutions of the chief. This Kolb industriously spread a rumour, that the document which had brought intelligence of the peace, was forged; that it was a device of the enemy; that Austria was still faithful; and not only was Kolb too successful in thus deluding the peasantry, but he also unfortunately succeeded in convincing Hofer; for upon no other principle is it possible to understand the conduct of Hofer, who, a week after he had laid down his command, recalled his proclamation, and issued another, calling upon the Tyrolese once more to rise in defence of their liberties.

Hofer's proclamation was unfortunatel too successful. During the whole of the month of November, and part of December, an unequal conflict was maintained in the Tyrolean valleys. This was in irregular warfare,—deadly in its character, but without the possibility of any favour-

able result. General Rusca after advancing up the Adige, attempted to penetrate the valley of the Passeyer; Hofer's valley,—but was repulsed with great loss, nearly two thousand being killed, wounded, and made prisoners. But this, and other partial successes, could not delay the conquest of the country, though a few of the mountain passes and fastnesses, might yet for some time remain in the possession of the peasantry. Early in December, resistance was entirely quelled; many of the Tyrolean leaders escaped into Austria; some, fell in defence of the cause they had espoused; and some, who were captured, were shot as rebels, among others, Peter Mayer, who was tried by a court martial, and condemned to death, on the plea of having appeared in arms after the date of prince Eugene's proclamation. And now it only remains to trace the fortunes of Hofer, and of those other chiefs, who, along with him, had so often led their countrymen to victory.

Early in December, general D'Hilliers whose

character was as merciful as it was valorous, and to whom, it had been well for the character of Napoleon, if the disposal of the Tyrolean chiefs had been left, as well as the pacification of their country,—despatched a messenger, from Meran, where his head quarters then were, to Hofer, and the other chiefs who yet clung to his fortunes, earnestly calling upon them to accept the terms offered, and offering his guarantee for their safety. All, but Hofer, accepted the offer: he, with his characteristic indecision, hesitated; and asked time for deliberation, which was granted; and at the expiration of the stipulated time, he suddenly disappeared; no one knew whither.

The place of Hofer's concealment, where he remained from the beginning of December till near the end of January, notwithstanding the large price which was set upon his capture, was a lone hut or chalet, situated in the mountain range which separates the middle Tyrol from the Innthal, near the source of the Achen; and somewhat more than four German leagues from the

village of St. Leonhard and his own dwelling. During several months in the year the retreat he had chosen was inaccessible from snow; but it chanced, that during his sojourn there, the weather was so mild, that it was all the while in the power of his friends to reach his retreat, and supply him with food. And who would have guessed that Hofer, in his lone mountain hut, should have received communications from royalty? yet so it is generally believed. The emperor of Austria addressed at least one communication to him, strenuously urging him to leave his retreat, and take refuge in Vienna, at the same time pledging his royal word for Hofer's safety. But the offer was rejected; he refused to abandon his country, or forsake his family.

Hofer had frequently been warned by his friends of his danger, in remaining so long in the same concealment; but he disregarded these warnings, or at least fatally postponed yielding to the advice he received: nor did he adopt any precautionary measures of disguise; still continuing to

wear his beard, as well as the dress to which he had been accustomed. At length, the hour of capture, and the consequence of his irresolution arrived.

Donay, a priest,—once the confidant, and up to the hour of his perfidy, the pretended friend of Hofer, betrayed the place of his concealment to the French; and measures were immediately taken for his capture. It is curious to observe the precautions which were adopted to ensure this event; Hofer, with scarcely a friend, with no adherents; an exile from his own home; the solitary inmate of a mountain hut, was yet an object of dread to the invaders of his country. No less a force than sixteen hundred men, was marched up the Passeyer towards his concealment; while two thousand men were posted between Meran and St. Leonhard. The march, for the greater certainty of success in its object, began after dark; and led by the traitor Donay, at five in the morning of the 20th January, the chalet was surrounded, and Hofer unresistingly

made prisoner. At Meran, he was joined by his wife and family—a son and daughter; and was marched from thence to Botzen, accompanied by the exulting shouts of the soldiery; and by the tears of his countrymen, who sent after him their blessing, and their prayers for his safety. At Botzen, general D'Hilliers received the brave and unfortunate captive as became a soldier; and supplied to him, and to his family, all those comforts of which they stood in need; and after a short interval of repose, he was sent under an escort to Mantua; and confined in a prison hard by the Porta Molina, which was already crowded with his countrymen.

But a short time elapsed, before he was brought to trial before a court-martial, which sat in the Palazza d'Arco. Great diversity of sentiment prevailed, not as to his alleged guilt, but as to the penalty. The majority of the judges were for confinement; two had the courage to vote for acquittal; but these opinions were silenced by a telegraphic despatch from Milan, which decided

what the punishment should be: and Hofer was sentenced accordingly, to be shot within twenty-four hours. It is recorded, that althovgh he had no suspicion his life was forfeited, he listened to his sentence with unshaken fortitude; and only required the presence of a priest. During the night, he occupied whatever time was not employed in devotional exercises, in speaking of the war; and he expressed a firm persuasion, that his country would sooner or later, revert to the dominion of Austria,—little suspecting that the accomplishment of this predilection, would not dispense with the services of the patriot on behalf of his country.

Early on the following morning, Hofer was led from prison to the bastion near the Porta Ceresa. On his way thither, those of his countrymen who were at liberty, threw themselves on the ground, begging his blessing, and weeping bitterly; while he, in bestowing it, asked the forgiveness of all who had been led into misfortune by his example. He also delivered to the priest who accompanied


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him, all that he possessed, with an injunction to divide it among the unfortunate of his countrymen. "My wife and family," said he, "I leave to the emperor." The offering which he delivered to the priest, consisted of five hundred florins; a silver snuff box,—and two rosaries.

He was placed on the bastion; in front of the soldiers, the innocent instruments of murder. He was desired to kneel; but he refused, saying, "I am used to stand upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to him:" and when asked to allow his eyes to be bound, he said, "No, I have been accustomed to look into the mouths of cannon." To the corporal he gave a twenty kreutzer piece, cautioning him to perform his duty well; and then, retiring a few paces, he pronounced the word "fire" with a firm voice. This was not an occasion when brave men,—as his executioners might be—handle their arms with steadiness: it is said, that all fired ineffectually: at length, a steadier hand proved friendly; and Hofer fell, in the forty-first year of his age.

The character of Hofer I have already sketched: and I would only now add, that although we must doubly regret that such a life should have been sacrificed for a family that has repaid the devotedness of its adherents by tyranny and ingratitude; yet, Hofer may justly be regarded a martyr to freedom: for loyalty to the house of Austria, was, in Hofer, only another name for patriotism. The rule of Austria was only acknowledged,—but not felt: with this rule, was connected in the mind of every Tyrolean, the enjoyment of all his social and political privileges; and Hofer, in endeavouring to uphold the sovereignty of Austria, felt and believed that he was striving to maintain inviolate, the liberties of his country.

The emperor gave a pension of seventy-two thousand florins to Hofer's family, and offered them an asylum in Austria. But the widow of Hofer however, preferred spending the remainder of her days in the valley of the Passeyer.

The fortunes of Haspinger, and of Speckbacher yet remained to be noticed.

Haspinger put no faith in the delusion which had been practised by Kolb; nor did he credit much, the assurances of pardon which had been given in the proclamations of prince Eugene; and he therefore resolved from the first, to quit a country which he could no longer serve. His first attempt to escape was by the upper Innthal into Switzerland; but, learning that he might probably be arrested even in that country, he returned into the Tyrol, and during the greater part of a year, led the life of one who was in daily fear of discovery and punishment. At length, in the dress of a monk, he succeeded in crossing the Bavarian Alps, to the lake of Constance; and by way of St. Gall, reached the abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland: from thence, he passed through the country of the Grisons into Lombardy and the Estates of Venice; and by way of Friuli and Carinthia, safely reached Vienna, where Speckbacher had already found a refuge,—but after far severer trials; for the details of which, as well as for much of the in-

formation I have already communicated, I am indebted to the work of professor Bertheldy.

When Hofer, in consequence of the treaty of peace, published his proclamation, and laid down his command, Speckbacher followed his example; and having disbanded his force, retired to Hallsins, a mountain hamlet, where he for some time remained, with his family. But unhappily, the falsehood propagated by Kolb, which had deceived Hofer, deceived Speckbacher also. Hofer communicated to him his intention of again commencing hostilities; and Speckbacher did not, upon this intelligence, remain a moment in inaction: but scarcely had he re-appeared in arms, when the news of peace was fully confirmed; and all that was now left to him was, to escape capture by his enemies. Every means was resorted to, in order to effect his capture; large rewards were offered; minute descriptions of his person and dress, were published; and even prints of him were diligently circulated; and the valleys and mountains were traversed in all directions by bands of cruel, and avaricious enemies.

When Speckbacher was first driven to concealment, he was accompanied by several associates; but after having vainly attempted to fly with them by way of Prunecken, which the depth of the snow rendered impossible, he separated from his companions, and retired to the little village of Dux in the midst of the mountains. The place of his concealment, having however been betrayed by one of his former companions, he was compelled to retire yet farther from the haunts of civilization; and at length, hunted from one retreat to another, he took refuge among the highest mountains,—the haunts of the chamois and the eagle. Here, it is said, he endured the most extreme privations of cold, hunger, and fatigue: but a steadfast resolution rather to perish among the snows of his mountains, than to afford a triumph to his enemies, supported him in all his extremities, and taught him endurance.

At one time, a short season of repose was snatched from his sufferings and perils: for having in the course of his wanderings, accidentally

met his wife and children,—outcasts and houseless like himself,—they sought in company, a refuge in the village of Volderberg, where they remained in concealment; and doubtless in sweet though sorrowful communion, during several weeks. But at length here also, the cruelty and cupidity of man pursued him: he was forced to quit his family, and became again, a wanderer among the mountain solitudes, and eternal snows, in the depth of winter; feeling no doubt more painfully, the horrors and solitude of his condition, after having newly enjoyed the society of those who were dear to him.

On the Gemshaken one of the most inaccessible summits of the Eisglet Scherr was a cavern, well known to Speckbacher, whose early predatory life, it will be recollected had made him well acquainted with the recesses of the mountains. At all times, difficult and dangerous of access to human feet, it was at this season almost inaccessible; and to this place of refuge, Speckbacher resolved to betake himself. By the aid of

one faithful friend, he had conveyed thither, during the night, a stock of provisions, and some arms; and it is recorded, that in the midst of a snow tempest, when the snow drift covered all trace of his footsteps, he betook himself to his mountain fortress. Here he remained during the depth of winter,—with only food sufficient to keep life within him; and eating that food for the most part raw, lest the smoke which cooking would occasion, might discover his dwelling; and scarcely venturing to sleep, lest his pursuers might surprise him, when unprepared for resistance. But new, and yet more severe sufferings awaited him.

At the close of winter, when the snow was beginning to melt, Speckbacher chanced one day to step a few paces beyond the mouth of the cavern; and it so happened, that at that moment, a huge avalanche descended from the Gemshaken, and swept him along with it, into the valley below,—a distance of not less than half a league. Although it might be called good fortune, that he

was not buried beneath it, he did not escape uninjured; his hip was dislocated in the fall; and finding himself unable to climb again to his cavern, and perceiving nothing but death, painful and lingering, before him, he formed the resolution of seeking refuge in the village of Voldalberg then in sight, and running the risk of capture. So long as hunger and fatigue only, were to be endured, he was willing to suffer all, in order that he might escape from his pursuers; but his bodily infirmity had now rendered him helpless; and danger could no longer be atoned for, by the excitement of braving it, and by the satisfaction of overcoming it.

Gathering all his energies, he crawled down the mountain; and many hours after it had fallen dark, he reached the little village of Volderberg; and sought a refuge in the same cottage which had formerly sheltered him and his family. He was received with kindness; and found sympathy and succour: and his dislocation having been reduced, he remained in the cottage during the

whole of the following day. But the good people, who would willingly have sheltered him, found that this could not be attempted, with any possibility of success: and it was resolved accordingly, to carry him to his own house at Rinn, —a distance of two leagues. The owner of the cottage, and the surgeon who had attended him, fearful of making confidants, took the task upon themselves,—and leaving Volderberg after nightfall, they carried him by bye-paths, to Rinn, and laid him in his stable, which is situated at a little distance from the dwelling house, amidst a clump of larch and beech trees.

Early in the morning, Speckbacher's old and faithful servant, went as usual, to look after the horses; and found his master: his joy at finding him, and his fear of discovery were equally mingled; and to avert the latter, he instantly adopted the best precautions: he dug a hole in the ground underneath where the cattle stood, but beyond the reach of their feet; and having formed it just of a sufficient size to admit his master

in a lying posture, Speckbacher was laid in it; and Zoppel, his servant, covered the hole over and filled it up with straw and manure. During the long period of seven weeks, Speckbacher remained there,—as if in his grave; never changing his position; and nourished with such provision as his servant could procure, and as he, in a recumbent posture, could partake of. All this while, the Bavarians were quartered in Speckbacher's dwelling-house,—expecting, that wearied out with misery, he might at last return to his home; and as their horses were in the stable, they were in the habit of frequently visiting it. The utmost circumspection was therefore necessary; and to so great a length did Zoppel carry that virtue, that even Speckbacher's wife was kept in ignorance of her husband's vicinity; for he rightly supposed, that the visits of the Bavarians to the stable, would create so great agitation in her, that their suspicions might be roused. Many instances of Speckbacher's narrow escapes are recorded; and indeed, his condition became

during the latter weeks, so utterly miserable, from filth, noxious air, and damp, that his resolution was at one time almost taken, to screen himself no longer: but Zoppel kept up his hopes; and the perfect quiet in which he had remained, having effected a complete cure of his hip, it was resolved that another effort should be made for liberty.

It was on the second of May, when the Bavarian soldiers had left Speckbacher's house, that he was lifted from his concealment; but in order to recover the use of his limbs, he remained during some days in the stable. Zoppel had now made known the secret to his wife; it was then that their first meeting took place,—a meeting, doubtless memorable to both, from the joy felt, at recovering a lost husband; and the pain, which the knowledge of his sufferings gave to a loving wife. His departure was hastily resolved upon; he was newly clothed in the dress of his faithful Zoppel; and being furnished with provisions, his wife set out along with him at the

close of day; and accompanied him a league on his way.

Speckbacher held his course over the most deserted, and wildest of the Alps to Dux, thence turning more to the eastward; travelling and resting by turns, and avoiding every human habitation, till at length, having passed the Styrian Alps, he was no longer in danger; and safely arrived at Vienna on the 22nd of May, after an extent and endurance of sufferings, which it is melancholy to think, should have been the only reward of patriotism and valour. The wife of Speckbacher joined her husband at Vienna early the following the year; end when the Tyrol again reverted to Austria, they returned again to their native valley, there to spend the remnant of their days. Some years after, however, they removed to the town of Hall; the health of Speckbacher being so much impaired, that he could no longer pursue the labours which must be performed by a Tyrolean peasant; and at the age of fifty-two, he died in the year 1820, and was interred with military honours.

Speckbacher's wife was living in 1831; and her family consisted of two daughters, and a son, who resided with her; and another son, the eldest, named Andrew, who was brought up and educated by the king of Bavaria, at Munich, and who then filled an official situation in the Tyrol, under the Austrian government.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Journey to Glurns; manners; scenery; the upper valley of the Adige; rapids; a portrait; Laich, and the upland valleys; Glurns; a visit to the Ortler-Spitz, and the great military road across Monte Stelvio.

I have now to resume the thread of my narrative. Having returned from the valley of the Passeyer to Meran, my road now lay up the Adige to Glurns, and Nauders, till I should again enter the upper Innthal, and so conclude my examination of the Tyrol.

I left Meran soon after sunrise to proceed to Glurns: this was a long road, and required a long day; and a delightful and interesting day's journey it proved to be. I was particularly struck this morning, with the fine athletic forms and highly intellectual countenances of the pea-

santry; never saw I such men as these, in any other part of Europe: their costume too, was entirely national,—and showed to admirable advantage, the tall figures, and firm knit limbs of these noble looking peasants. A reason, and a good reason too, may be assigned, for the peculiarly straight, upright, and well proportioned figures of the Tyroleans of the upper valleys: all the young children are carried, extended upon a wooden board, which admirably preserves the back from the bedings and contorsions which are most likely to result from the mode of carrying children in other countries: by the Tyrolean system, the spine is saved the exertion of supporting itself, before it has acquired strength; and it is also the invariable rule in the Tyrol, that a child shall not be permitted to walk until it be at least a year old; so that the limbs, as well as the back, are the object of care; and there can be as little doubt in the one case as in the other, that premature exertion will produce mal-conformation.

I remarked in leaving Meran, and indeed all along the line of road, targets, fixed to the walls of the houses, as trophies of prowess,—while in other places, these were erected in the fields, and the peasants were engaged in the competition. I stopped at times to observe their proficiency, and found it to be such as constant practice is likely to make it: one of the peasants politely offered me a gun, to take my turn; but I contented myself with being a spectator.

The valley of the Adige ascending from Meran, affords in miniature, something of the same gradation I have spoken of, as distinguishing the great valley. At first in leaving Meran, I found myself in a vine country; fertile too, in all other productions; and where I found the economy of land as much attended to, as in any other part; for while Indian corn covered the land, vines were trained in arches above: a great part of the road lay under a vine bower, the plant being trained overhead, so that even the breadth of the road was not lost. But by and bye, as the valley

rose, I emerged from these bowers; and left the vines behind me; and as I still continued to ascend, the Indian corn yielded to barley, and grass; and a beautiful pastoral country stretched upward.

It is at this spot, that the river Adige presents one of the most magnificent spectacles that are to be met with in Europe: a rapid,—almost a cataract, extends nearly a mile in length. It is one continued sheet of foam, rushing with a deafening noise, and resistless force, between quiet, green, pastoral banks, resembling more the shores of a gentle lake, than of a cataract. There is no fall of water in Switzerland that will bear the least comparison with this: it is not indeed strictly a cataract; but is unquestionably a waterfall; and of a most stupendous and imposing kind; more striking I think, than the celebrated falls of Schaffhausen; and consigning to utter oblivion, a thousand Geïsbachs and Stubachs, about which the Swiss tourists and guide books rave in such exaggerated terms.

I cannot but sketch a striking portrait that presented itself to me here. I had leapt over the wall that bounds the high road, to cross the slope, and reach the margin of the river; and never shall I forget the picture that offered itself to my contemplation: it was a woman,—a young woman, sittidg upon a little mound, six or eight yards from the margin, with bare head, and braided hair: there she sat knitting, and singing to herself, snatches of a wild monotonous mountain air: a cow, and five goats were feeding around her; and there sat she with her little flock,—a beautiful and perfect image of placidity —how strangely contrasted with the impetuous and roaring torrent than rushed by. I wish Wordsworth had seen this picture; he could have made it immortal. I felt that it would be a kind of sacrilege to disturb such perfect repose —and so regained the road, and pursued my journey.

All this part of the country is liable to destructive inundations from the rise of the Adige, and

to dreadful devastations too, from the mountain streams that pour into it. I noticed in several places, the effects of the storm that had overtaken me at the castle of the Tyrol: the road was carried away in several places, so as to render it totally impassable to any kind of vehicle; and half fields of grain, and the soil along with them, had been swept into the Adige: uncertain indeed, is the tenure by which the people of these upland valleys hold their possessions. In some parts, the hay harvest was getting in; and the sweet fragrance, carried me in a moment to the rich meadows of England. I suspect, that the sounds, and smells, which in foreign lands, occasionally fill our hearts with a gush of pleasure, owe part of their impression, to the associations to which they give birth; although the mind may be totally unconscious of their existence; and cannot detect the links that have led it to mingle, with present impressions, former and distant images and recollections, that give to them a more exquisite relish.

I stopped to a late breakfast at a place called Latch, lying on the opposite side of the river from the road; but not having found any resting place in my way, I was forced to seek out a ford, and wade through: the river was now considerably lessened in volume since I left Meran; and therefore there was but little difficulty, and no danger in this enterprize. At Latch I succeeded in obtaining milk and bread; and after breakfast crossed the river again to regain the road.

From this point, there is a regular succession of upland valleys, like so many steps; every one higher than another; and every one,—owing of course to the influence of a higher temperature,—with crops more scanty; and with hamlets and cottages poorer. You come to a cataract; and the road ascends by its side; then a new reach of half a league or a league presents itself, and a higher valley; then another cataract, another ascent, and another valley still more upland, and so on: but indeed, this is nearly the same in ascending to the sources of all rivers. Many

charming pastoral pictures were presented to me among these uplands,—resting places yet, in the long vista of memory. Rich scenery has its charm; and rocks and woods, and precipices,—the picturesque, or the sublime,—have their charms also: but I do not know that any of these possesses so perfect and abiding a charm, as the green quiet pastoral slopes; treeless, and unornamented,—with only their brawling stream; and the flocks that stray over the hills.

As I approached nearer to Glurns, the castles again became numerous: this we generally find to be the case, as we approach the frontier of a country. One particularly, of extraordinary size, the property of count Trappe, occupied the whole summit of an extensive height on the right: it is yet habitable,—and sometimes inhabited, for the sake of hunting in the neighbourhood. Glurns, which cuts some figure upon the map, but which is a very inconsiderable village, stands near to this castle; and there I arrived after sunset,—and found a better inn than might be ex-

pected in so remote a place. A cheerful wood-fire was soon kindled; and with this pleasant companion, I dreamed away an hour or two in recollections of my past journey, and the many pleasing images it had shown me.

Although my road lay towards Landeck, I resolved to make a diversion southward, to see the new military road recently constructed across the shoulder of the Ortler-Spitz; the highest elevation over which a European road has been constructed.

The road or path, from Glurns to the military road, runs up the valley underneath the chain of mountains that form the eastern boundary of the Tyrol, and which separate it from Switzerland. Leaving Glurns, to ascend the valley, the road descends for at least a league, and crosses an ill-cultivated open country, until it enters the valley. There is nothing at first remarkably interesting in this journey, excepting only, that interest which arises from the object in view: and after a pleasant solitary walk, during which, parts of

the Ortler-Spitz range occasionally presented themselves, I entered the very small hamlet which lies the highest up the valley. In this little hamlet, the name of which I am unable to recollect, I passed the afternoon and night. It was a cheerless prospect round it. Up the valley which rises from this hamlet, fields of snow stretch to the mountain glaciers, which are however divided by a huge projection of dark rock which singularly contrasts with the snow fields that lie on either side. Betwixt the village and the snow region, there is however a considerable expanse of mountain herbage—pasture for the few animals needed by the inhabitants.

No scene appears utterly desolate when a summer sun flames upon it. Nature has everywhere her charms, if man will but open his heart to receive her impressions: and when strolling in the afternoon up the bank of a dark rivulet that descends from the mountains, so bright and warm was the sun,—so majestic the objects it illuminated,—so sweet the wild scent that rose from the

herbage,—and so happy-looking, the dumb creatures that quietly cropped it, that I scarcely felt inclined to compassionate the dwellers of this far upland valley.

My fare here, was scanty enough: but it was such as these villagers, human beings like myself, were contented with, day after day, and year after year: it was milk,—some very bad cheese,—some hard rye bread,—and some grated chamois flesh, which seemed however, to be in such small quantity, that I could not find in my heart to decrease the amount of their luxury. I would fain have made enquiries of these mountaineers, touching their life and occupations, thoughts, and hopes: but the dialect which they spoke, was almost unintelligible; and I could therefore only judge by what I saw. I saw, what you and I would call misery: I saw life, to which, you and I would prefer the grave: and yet, I saw looks of contentment,—and smiles, such as we see on the faces of those with whom we ourselves associate. I saw also—what certainly one would scarce ex-

pect to find there,—athletic forms, and healthful countenances: nay I saw more,—that which is everywhere found: I saw human affections, even the gentlest of them. While walking by the brook-side, a girl came near to milk her little cow. She was a tall and well limbed maid, just entered into womanhood; and whose countenance though somewhat course, was neither wanting in regularity nor expression. She dropped down on her knees, and milked her cow; and when she had nearly finished, a youth, a few years her senior, approached her, sat down by her, and when she had finished her task, placed her pitcher on his head; and as they walked towards their hamlet, he contrived to hold the pitcher with one arm, while the other occasionally encircled the waist of his companion. I afterwards found this couple in the cottage where I had quartered myself; and notwithstanding the difficulty of communication, I contrived to learn, that before winter they would be man and wife. And so they marry and are given in marriage, in the little

hamlet situated on the verge of eternal winter. How different the prospects, and the fate of this couple, from those of my lord this, and lady louisa that, married by special license; and setting off in their beautiful chariot to spend the honeymoon at the bridegroom's magnificent seat in —— shire. And yet, it is not unlikely that the honey moon may be more a honeymoon to this mountain maid who milked her cow beneath the glaciers, and to the youth who carried her pitcher, than to the high born couple with all the etiquette of rank and state about them. And as for the years that succeed the honey mooon—who knows!! But this couple must not detain me from the Ortler-Spitz.

I left this hamlet at a very early hour; the air was chill and bracing; and being told I should find a house of entertainment on the military road, I put forth my strength to reach it, before appetite should become outrageous. I now turned to the right, up the military road which passes the Ortlet-Spitz: but the mountain across which

the road is actually conducted, is called Monte-Stelvio : it is a good winding road at first, following the turnings of the gorge up the side of which it is constructed ; and after a walk of moderate length, I reached the house of entertainment proposed. Few travellers passing this way, its accommodations were not of the most luxurious kind. Coffee and eggs were however attainable; and therefore I had nothing to desire. From the neighbourhood of this little inn, the road behind and before, is laid open : and the prospect upwards, of its innumerable acute angles, was an argument in favour of a hearty breakfast.

Although inferior in picturesque beauty, to many Alpine passes, and in sublimity inferior to others, this celebrated road by the Ortler-Spitz is full of interest; owing both to the difficulty of the undertaking, and the extraordinary elevation to which it is carried. From this inn, to the summit of the pass, is said to be about two leagues. During the first of these leagues, the acclivities above and below the road, are covered

with herbage, which of course grows scantier; and at length, gives place to rock. The work has been a herculean one. Several miles before reaching the summit of the pass, the road is defended from falling avalanches, by a wooden fabric, of great strength. This bulwark extends at least a mile and a half; and must have been erected at an immense cost of labour and money. It seemed to me sufficient to protect the road from any avalanches that could descend on the line of road; but could not for a moment impede the fall of such avalanches as descend at lower elevations.

One makes slow progress up a zig-zag road. At length however I reached the summit of the pass. It is the highest mountain pass in Europe, being 9100 feet above the Mediterranean; and the purpose for which this celebrated road was constructed, was, that it might be in the power of Austria to throw an army into the Austrian Italian possessions, without passing through any other than Austrian territory. Looking from the summit of the pass towards the Tyrol, the

Ortler-Spitz and its glaciers are visible; the latter however, less strikingly so, than from a lower elevation. The Ortler-Spitz is opposite; rising up into the heavens, and showing a rounded summit, more remarkable for its great elevation than for its form. Looking on the Italian and Swiss sides, the road is seen in long perspective winding down the gorges, and narrow valleys that lead to Chiavenna; while towards Switzerland, huge mountains are piled against each other.

I have already said, that there is no mountain pass in Europe over which a road is conducted at so great an elevation, as this, across the Tyrolean frontier. The Ortler-Spitz, even without this recent claim to notoriety, has claims of its own, being the third highest of the European mountains,—its elevation being 14,800 feet by one measurement, 14,500 by another; and whether the one or the other, exceeded only by mount Blanc, and mount Rosa.

It was in the year 1804, that the Ortler-Spitz was first ascended, A reward was offered by the archduke John, to whosoever could attain the

summit; and by the direction of his imperial highness, a scientific person named Gothard, spent some weeks in the neighbourhood of the mountain, examining its accesses in every direction, with the view of ascertaining the practicability of an ascent. This gentleman however, gave an unfavourable report; and the enterprize was to all appearance abandoned, when a hunter of the Passeyer named Pichler declared his intention of attempting the ascent. Two peasants of the neighbouring valley accompanied him; and he left the hamlet where I slept, on the 27th September, soon after midnight, the moon being then near its full. No detailed account of the journey is preserved; but it is certain, that many difficulties must have been encountered and overcome. He and his two associates however, reached the summit in safety before mid-day; and after remaining but a very short time on the summit, difficulty of breathing, and other unpleasant symptoms rendering a longer sojourn impossible, —they reached the hamlet which they had left the same morning, at nine, p. m.

The problem of possibility, having been thus solved, Dr. Gothard, the individual formerly employed by the archduke, ascended thrice during the following year. He corrected the observation made by Pichler; and reduced the elevation three hundred feet.

Standing on the summit of this pass, and looking towards the south-west, there was strong temptation to continue my journey, and drop down upon Como, and its enchanting scenery: but I had yet a part of the Tyrol to travel over, before I had seen every corner of it; and notwithstanding the attractions that lay southward, I buckled up my resolution, and turned my face resolutely to the north-east. I had seen the celebrated road over Monte Stelvio,—and had now therefore only to return to Glurns. At an elevation of upwards of nine thousand feet, it may easily be supposed, that the temperature, even at midsummer, was not likely to induce lingering. It is far above the line of perpetual congelation; and as in these high regions, perfect calm is rare, it was not without satisfaction, that I began the

descent, which was soon accomplished, and brought me several hours before sunset, to my mountain inn.

Here I remained till next morning, endeavouring to make myself understood; and to understand the jargon of German and Italian which prevails all over the south western parts of the Tyrol. The inn-keeper is not likely to make a fortune by his custom: only three carriages had passed that year; and indeed, unless by the Tyrolese themselves,—and by those only, residing in the neighbourhood,—or by strangers whose main object may be, to see this new road, it can never be greatly frequented: the road by Trent and Verona, or by Riva and the Lago di Garda to the Milanese, being not only greatly the shorter, but the more agreeable also. I returned to Glurns, late the following day, by the same road which I had already travelled; and without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Journey from Glurns to Nauders; source of the Adige; the Funsterminz; a comparative view of the attractions of Switzerland and the Tyrol; a village ball.

The neighbourhood of Glurns, and the country between Glurns and Nauders, is the most populous upland I have ever seen. On the same wide slope as that upon which Glurns lies, there are three other considerable villages; and as we proceed higher, every platform has its village; and even on the very highest of them, where the sources of the Adige spring, one or two hamlets are found. There is also everywhere evidence of great industry: good crops of grain,—barley and oats,—are seen wherever they will grow: and in the cultivation of such vegetables as the climate will bear, and in the construction of fences, and

in the general marks of care bestowed upon the land, it appeared that the inhabitants partook of that industrious and persevering disposition that distinguishes their neighbours, the Grisons.

Above Glurns, I found the Adige only a brook, — a fine brimful brook; and after three hours' walk by its brink, I reached the lake that is considered its principal source. It is a narrowish lake of the character which must belong to all such mountain lakes; surrounded by a scanty vegetation, and a few firs. From the basin of the lake, the country declines on both sides; to Glurns, and to Nauders,—to the valley of the Adige, and to the valley of the Inn. A rapid descent led me down towards Nauders, by the margin of a rivulet which hurries towards the Inn, through deep grassy valleys; and at Nauders I arrived early in the afternoon.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Nauders, will challenge a comparison with anything that is to be found in any country. I walked in the afternoon towards the Inn, and the celebrated

pass called the Funsterminz. Nothing can exceed the union of the picturesque and the grand, which this extraordinary defile presents. So deep does the Inn flow; so gigantic are the rocks that form the defile; that, without any poetical exaggeration, the stream does appear like a glistening thread: the rocks too, are entirely covered with wood; and, among many cascades, there is one not less than five hundred feet in height. I gathered abundance of magnificent wild pinks here, almost as large, and quite as fragrant as carnations; and columbine, which half covers the banks; and mountain dahlia, and mint,—and many other beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.

I cannot find a better place than this, when I am approaching the conclusion of my journey; and when looking upon one of the most magnificent scenes in the Tyrol, to offer a few general remarks upon the comparative merits of Switzerland and the Tyrol,—as countries worthy the notice of the traveller.

Every one knows the celebrity that attaches to Switzerland for the natural beauties in which it abounds, and the magnificence of its mountain scenery; and although the claims of the Tyrol have been less prominently advanced, there has been a pretty general persuasion, that Switzerland and the Tyrol were nearly upon an equality in these respects; and that the character and claims of both were pretty nearly the same; and as it is natural to magnify that which is the least known, the Tyrol occasionally reaped the advantage of this ignorance. Now in truth, the Tyrol and Switzerland, differ materially in character and in claims, The reader, who has been in Switzerland, has probably already formed a fair estimate of the claims of the Tyrol, from the narrative which I have given; but I may be permitted to enlarge a little for the benefit of those who have yet to visit both the one and the other.

In the charm of steril grandeur—of sublimity, unmixed with the picturesque or the beautiful, the Tyrol will bear no comparison with Switzer-

land. The desolate glories of the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and their mighty compeers; their fields of untrodden snow; and unapproachable summits; their wide spreading glaciers, and pinnacles of ice; are scarcely to be found in the Tyrol. There are indeed, spots, where the sublime is present; such as the neighbourhood of the salt mines; or beyond the head of the Laga di Garda; or in the neighbourhood of the great Glockner; but the sublime is en petit, in comparison with the wide and extended grandeur of the Oberland Bernois. Indeed, the elevation of the Tyrolean mountains is not sufficient to produce the awful horrors of the Jungfrau and its sublime neighbourhood: an addition of two or three thousand feet in the elevation of a mountain region, produces an incalculable difference in the features of scenery; for it is precisely in these three thousand feet, that the features of sublimity are centered. There, are the fields of untrodden snow,—there, the unapproachable pinnacles,—and but for these three thousand feet,

the glacier would not be formed, nor would the avalanche descend. The general elevation of the Oberland Bernois ranges from 8 to 14,000 feet. And that particular concentration of mountains which includes the Jungfrau, mount Eiger, the Monk, the Silver Horns, the Shreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Finsterarhorn has an elevation ranging from 10 to 13,000 feet. Now, the chief mountain ranges of the Tyrol, are, that which divides the Tyrol from Bavaria,—that which divides the northern from the southern Tyrol,—called the Eisglet Scher,—and that which separates the Tyrol from the Grisons and the Vateline: but this latter, can scarcely be considered as belonging to the Tyrol; and the Ortler-Spitz, the highest mountain of that range, is situated as much without, as within the Tyrol. The elevation of the mountains that divide Bavaria from the Tyrol, certainly does not range higher than from 6 to 7, or at most 8,000 feet. The chain that runs across the Tyrol, and which includes mount Brenner, may range a thousand feet high-

er; and if the mountains which divide the Tyrol from the Vateline are more lofty, they are so much on the confines of the Tyrol, as scarcely to be included among her mountain ranges. The Tyrolean mountains therefore, although sufficiently elevated to produce most of the charms of mountain scenery, are yet, not lofty enough, to produce that highest charm which has its origin in sublimity.

If I come now to the picturesque, and to the union of the beautiful with the picturesque, the claims of the Tyrol are higher. In all the charms which rocks, woods, and running water, are capable of producing, the Tyrol may fairly compete with Switzerland. The picturesque beauty of Lauterbrunnen,—the valley of the Reuss,—or the neighbourhood of Thun or Brientz,—are fully equalled by the views on the Eisach and the Adige; and the numerous castles and ruins that are scattered over the Tyrol, undoubtedly add to the picturesque, one feature that is wanting in Switzerland. But this is more than counterba-

lanced by the absence of lakes; for nothing I think can be an equivalent for the union of the picturesque and beautiful that is presented in the lakes of Uri, of Zurich, of Brientz, or of Geneva.

But in the charm of richness and beauty, adorned by the picturesque, the Tyrol has higher claims than Switzerland. The luxuriance of the lower valley of the Adige, or especially, of the plain of Riva, has no match in Switzerland. The productions of nature are more varied, and in greater perfection; and fertility extends over a greater space. The Swiss valleys are more numerous than they are in the Tyrol; but they are more contracted. There are no valleys in Switzerland like those of the Inn, or the Adige, seventy or eighty miles in length, and in many places, eight or ten miles wide. The valley of the Reuss, —perhaps the most celebrated of the Swiss valleys,—is little more than a ravine; and Interlaken, a spot of charming fertility, is but of very limited extent.

Such I think, is a fair summary of the respective claims of Switzerland and the Tyrol, to the palm of natural attractions. These attractions, it will be seen, are not different in degree only, but in kind also. The lover of the sublime in nature, will be more gratified by a visit to Switzerland: the admirer of the picturesque and beautiful, will hesitate, to which country he ought to accord the palm.

But it is not solely on account of its natural beauties, that a country deserves the attention of the traveller; and in all that regards the people, the Tyrol is beyond doubt a more interesting country than Switzerland. In these days, when the continent of Europe, is almost one highway, it is difficult to find the people among whom foreign customs have not been introduced; and among whom are found both national manners, and national costume. With the exception of Spain, the Tyrol is alone, I think, entitled to this distinction; and possesses therefore, an interest, that is peculiarly its own.

When I returned from the Fünsterminz to my inn at Nauders, I found a gentleman,—one in authority at Nauders,—waiting my return. There was that evening to be a ball in Nauders,—a ball bourgeois,—given by subscription: and he, learning that a stranger, and an Englishman into the bargain, was in Nauders, had called to invite me. I need scarcely say, that I accepted the invitation, with thanks. I had only time to despatch a dainty dinner of trout, and chicken, when I was informed it was time to go to the ball; and that the same gentleman who had invited me, was waiting to conduct me thither.

I found the remote little village of Nauders not without its ball room; and the ball room not without a very attractive company. There were altogether a hundred and forty persons present; about eighty of these, young persons, about equally divided between men and women. At least two thirds of the men wore the Tyrolean peasant dress,—black small clothes, white stockings, girdle and jacket. The dress of the girls

was not remarkable, unless that they wore rather shorter petticoats, and rather more of them, than we are accustomed to see in England. I scarcely saw one pair of bad ankles in the room; and I saw several faces of more than ordinary attractions. Generally speaking however, beauty was scarce. Nauders is too near the Grisons to produce a totally different race of women. There was abundance of refreshments of all kinds: an endless variety of cake, grated meats, and plenty of wine,—not indeed of the most potent kind; but quite strong enongh to be drunk out of tumbler-glasses at a ball. The dancing was decidedly good; but there appeared to me, great formality; and a most inflexible separation of sexes: they danced indeed with each other; but there was scarcely any conversation; and no sitting together, or walking together. I did not see once, any thing approaching to what we call a flirtation. By ten o'clock all was over; and the company separated with every appearance of satisfaction at the entertainment of the evening.

I was informed that at Nauders, four of these balls are given every season, and that the subscription to the four, is two florins.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Journey from Nauders to Landeck, and from Landeck through the Voralberg, to the frontier. Reminiscenses of the Tyrol.

I had now again reached the Inn,—which as far as Landeck was to be my companion; and in order to gain Landeck in good time, I left Nauders the morning after the ball, a little after six. I again glanced at the pass of the Funsterminz, and the chapel, bridge, and little inn, that are huddled together in the narrow gorge; and soon after, found myself emerging into a more open valley, with the Inn by my side. The scenery is varied, but not upon the whole very striking between Nauders and Landeck; except at Pruz, where a bridge, a rock, and a ruin, form a pretty assemblage of picturesque objects: but as we

approach Landeck, many charming scenes open around the traveller,—especially the gentle and pastoral; and Landeck itself has everything to recommend it; for a beautiful, fertile and highly cultivated valley opens in fine perspective below it; while above, the defile presents all the ruder and more gigantic features which belong to unadorned nature.

Landeck is a considerable town for a mountain region; and boasts not only a castle, which painters have thought worthy of transferring to their canvas, but a church, of no common attractions. I was particularly pleased with it, as well as with the charming prospect enjoyed from its environs; and lingered away an evening agreeably,—I might say,—happily, wandering through the churchyard, and in and out among the neighbouring rocks, and up to the castle walls; and enjoyed with no common appetite, the very excellent supper prepared for me in the very best inn I had entered since leaving Botzen.

My journey now lay from Landeck, through

the Voralberg, by Pludenz, Feldkirch and Bregenz, to the lake of Constance.

To one who has travelled previously through every part of the Tyrol, the Voralberg will appear upon the whole, uninteresting: it possesses, neither the grand features of the higher, nor the soft attractions of the lower parts of the Tyrol. Nor do the inhabitants seem of the purely Tyrolean race. They resemble their neighbours the Swiss, both in look and character; and in so saying, I do not pay them a very high compliment. Perceiving after one half day's journey, that this part of the Tyrol would scarcely repay a pedestrian, I bargained, at the inn at which I stopped to dine, for a little ambling pony which grazed in a neighbouring field; and for the sum of two shillings and eightpence per day, I secured this useful companion; and the first night from Landeck, I slept at Stuben. There is nothing in this little place, demanding even a passing sentence. There, however, the scenery improves, and if I had not already enlarged sufficiently on

the mountain glories of the Tyrol, I might here again, find sufficient materials.

Next morning, I made a long journey to Pludenz to breakfast, for having stopped at a village about half way ; and not being able to procure anything but some musty bread, and abominable coffee, I pushed on to Pludenz, where hot cakes, new laid eggs, and café-au-lait rewarded me. Pludenz is a little town containing about 800 inhabitants ; with its two or three little streets, its church, and its market place ; and the river Ill, which I here fell in with for the first time, runs close to it. Beyond Pludenz, the scenery on either side, is of the most imposing description ; and after passing a night at Feldkirch, I found myself on one of the great European highways, with the glorious Rhine for my companion. I will not pursue the details of my journey farther. At Bregenz, which I reached on the following day, I was in the last town of the Tyrol, and on the lake of Constance.

I have now traversed every part of the Tyrol :

and ought therefore to be in some condition to judge of the country and its inhabitants; and although during my journey, I have noted down the impressions that were made upon me both by the country itself and by the people who inhabit it, some general views, and particular illustrations, have arisen in my mind, which, as they cannot now be introduced into my narrative, I throw together in this chapter.

The two leading features in Tyrolean character, may be said to be religion, and patriotism. Although I am far from denying that there is much adherence in the Tyrol, to what we are accustomed to call the superstitions of the church of Rome, I must at the same time admit, that there is much genuine piety: and I think I may venture to say, that among the catholic nations of Europe, (and I have less or more seen them all), I do not know any one in which there is so large a measure of real piety; or so few of the abuses which among an ignorant people, spring out of catholicism. The grossest of the abuses

that obtain in those countries where the Roman Catholic faith is dominant, arise chiefly from the state of the priesthood. In Spain or Portugal, where there is a very unequal distribution of wealth among the clergy, evils naturally spring out of this state of things. Poverty leads to such devices as catholicism winks at, and as the cunning avail themselves of, to fill empty coffers; while among the rich and poor, asterities are practised or feigned, either to obtain a stronger hold on the minds of the people,—or to veil those peccadillos to which mankind are prone. Such a state of things, divides a people into two portions,—bigots and infidels. But in the Tyrol, where the clergy are neither over-rich, nor miserably poor, there are few incentives to austerities, and little temptation to immoralities. The Tyrolese, generally speaking, perform their duties as good catholics; but not much beyond: and on the other hand, I do not recollect to have once heard in the country, an expression savouring of scepticism in religion. I have more than once

heard from zealous catholics in the Tyrol, the utmost horror expressed of the abuse of indulgences, and other catholic excrescences which have been grafted and nourished by roguery and ignorance; and as a contrast between Catholic Spain and Catholic Tyrol, in the former of which countries, a certificate of having attended confession, is called for every Monday morning, I may mention, that having asked a young lady in Inspruck, how often she went to confession,—her answer was, "when I have anything to confess." I may mention as another example of the more liberal interpretation of catholicism in the Tyrol, than in most of the other catholic countries, that when the hay harvest commenced in the upper and central Tyrol, it was published throughout the different dioceses, that the strict observance of the catholic holidays (with certain exceptions named) might be dispensed with; and the reason assigned was, the uncertainty of the climate. Let me add another fact. With the exception of a few individuals at Landeck, and at Nauders,

both of which places lie near to Switzerland, I found it was not the practice of the Tyrolese, to join in the yearly pilgrimage to Einseideln which is swelled by thousands from the other States bordering on Switzerland,—particularly Bavaria, and Baden. It is true, that the Tyrolean peasant uncovers, and performs a genuflexion as he passes every sacred image by the wayside; and that, as the reader knows, the power of the virgin is called in, to protect him against impending cliffs; but these are only matters of faith; and the practice of the Tyrolean is in accordance with his profession. But indeed, I believe it may be assumed, that wherever morals are pure, true religion is well rooted, and widely diffused: and judging by this test, such we may conclude of the Tyrol. Fanaticism and infidelity, are alike unfavourable to the morality of a people. Spain, and France, afford examples of this truth; while Norway, parts of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Scotland, may illustrate the opposite.

Of the morality of the Tyrolese, I have already incidentally spoken. I stated on a former occasion, that the prison of Inspruck contained only eighty prisoners; and that this is the general prison for the whole of the Tyrol. This number, in a population of at least 800,000, is certainly wonderfully small,—not one, in 10,000. Nowhere are the outward decencies of life more respected than in the Tyrol. In this, Inspruck may be favourably contrasted with the neighbouring capital—Berne. In the latter town, indecorum is not altogether banished from the streets; but in Inspruck, the most sensitive will find nothing to shrink from. As for that which is hidden from the public eye, I believe, from all I could learn, that there is little to hide. Infidelity after marriage is absolutely unknown; and a foundling hospital for the whole of the Tyrol, would present a ward of empty cradles.

I have mentioned patriotism, as forming with religion, the two great features of Tyrolean character. This word must be understood in its

widest sense; love of country,—and of all that it contains, and all that belongs to it,—good, bad, and indifferent. Patriotism in this sense, must ever give way to education; and cannot therefore be found among a very enlightened people: but we must not mistake between cause and effect. It is not attachment to old usages and national habits, that stands in the way of improvement; it is rather the want of education, that fosters a blind attachment to local usages and prejudices. Love of country, among the Tyrolese, ranges over a wide scale: it comprehends attachment to the glaciers of the Glochner or the corn of the Innthall, and to the sugar loaf cap of the women, and the green braces of the men. It comprehends not only mountains, valleys, and cities; but the shape of a scythe, or the construction of a shoe. All that is Tyrolean is sacred,—and Tyrolese are all brothers. The deprivation of a Tyrolean privilege; or the imposition of a tax; is not resisted by the people so much because the one is a privilege, and the other a burden, as because the

one was a Tyrolean possession,—a part and portion of the Tyrol; and because the other is something foreign to the Tyrol,—un-Tyrolean,—something to which the Tyrolese have not been accustomed. This is in fact the only rational explanation of the principle of determined resistance to the Bavarians. The Tyrol was a province of Austria; and would be a province of no other power. Under the nominal dominion of Austria indeed, the people enjoyed almost the freedom of a separate state, and like all mountaineers, they have an innate and acquired love of freedom: but whatever privileges Bavaria might have conceded, the Tyrolese would have been discontented; which is obvious from the fact, that this discontent was shown, before it appeared whether their privileges were to be preserved, or encroached upon: and now, that hatred of their masters, and desire of independence, have taken the place of loyalty to the house of Austria, it is, because the props that supported that loyalty are removed: the ancient privileges of the Tyrol have been infringed; and

in order that these may be again appurtenances of their country, the people desire independence: and with it, the power of re-investing that country with all that was wont to belong to it.

I think the many other characteristics of a people, are all emanations, or results of these two great features of Tyrolean character—religion. and patriotism. National manners spring out of, and are sustained by the latter: and in morals they mutually aid each other. The Tyrolean is just, and honest, not only because to be just, is a duty enjoyed by religion; but because he is a Tyrolean; and it is the character of Tyroleans to be just and honest. Married men and women are faithful, and girls are chaste, because they are Tyroleans; and fidelity and chastity are Tyrolean virtues. Of this I recollect an illustration. The daughter of the innkeeper at Botzen was a remarkably pretty and engaging girl, about seventeen. One morning, she came to the outer door, where I was standing, with a bonnet and shawl on; and her mother followed and laid a

small basket covered with a clean white cloth, on the steps: presently, a fine looking young man drove up to the door, in a little calèche: and the maiden and he drove away together. "They are going," said the hostess, "to spend the day in the valley: their dinner is in the basket; it is fine weather, sir, for a little frolic." The hostess shortly after added,—"my daughter is betrothed to that gentleman." I forget what I said in reply,—but the conversation continued; and I ventured to inquire, partly in a jocular way, whether she was not afraid to trust her daughter, and so fascinating a daughter too, on such an excursion. "She is a Tyrolean maid," replied the mother, "she will not forget that." Happy the maidens who possess such a shield. What a day of enjoyment was thus secured by this beautiful, innocent, and probably loving Tyrolese, spent with he lover among the sweet valleys of her country.

I have in a former chapter, compared the scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol; and being at present occupied with the character of the

Tyrolese, I may introduce with propriety some few remarks respecting the comparative character of the people of these neighbouring countries. Their characters are certainly essentially different: and it is somewhat difficult, I think, to account for this adversity of character. "Point d'argent, point de Suisse," will not certainly apply to the Tyrolean: and I can with difficulty bring myself to believe, that by any circumstances, it ever could: that the noble looking, and generous minded Tyrolean, could ever be converted into the greedy interested Swiss.

There is a difficulty here; for certainly the diversity of character between the Swiss and the Tyrolese, is not explained by the oft-repeated assertion, that the primitive manners and natural character of the Swiss, has been changed by the contact with strangers,—and that English gold has bred the love of it. Were this explanation admissible, it would follow of necessity, that in those parts of Switzerland where there has been little or no contact with strangers, and where the

Swiss have not been accustomed to the glitter of foreign gold, the natural character would be retained; and the "point d'argent, point de Suisse," would not apply. But this is not found to be so. The two Engadines, are certainly quite as little travelled as the Tyrol: and yet, in these districts I have found as much greed, as in any of those parts of which the English have made highways. I have indeed remarked, that in the least travelled parts, I have been the most imposed upon. What does the reader think of a charge of nine francs for a bed—a bason of milk,—and some hot water! Now, I have rarely met with any instance of greed in the Tyrol, either in the most unfrequented or in the most travelled parts; and I cannot therefore avoid the conclusion, that there is in this matter, an essential distinction between the Swiss and the Tyrolean character.

Allied to this love of money, is the persevering industry of the Swiss; a trait distinctively their own. The Tyrolean has indeed, generally speaking, a more fruitful soil; which easier repays

labour; as well as a better climate: but I have not found even in those districts of the Tyrol which need the hand of industry, anything of that persevering and untired assiduity in overcoming natural defects, which is so prominently seen in most parts of Switzerland,—and in no part more prominently than in the Engadines.

Patriotism, in the wide sense in which I have used the word when speaking of the Tyrolese, can scarcely be said to exist in Switzerland. This could not indeed be expected in a country composed of so many different States, each having its own laws and government,—and even, its own usages. Meaning by patriotism, nothing more than the integrity of the federal republic, patriotism exists in Switzerland; but applying it, to a veneration for all that is Swiss,—it is inapplicable. A Swiss will be at all times ready to try as a substitute for a Swiss usage, that of any foreign country, if it offers a probability of pecuniary advantage; but it would require something very far beyond a probability, to induce a Tyrolean

to depart in the smallest matter, from the customs of his country.

In the catholic cantons of Switzerland, there is unquestionably more attachment to the superstitions of the faith, than in the Tyrol. Rather than work on a holiday, the finest crop of hay will be allowed to rot: and a day spent at Einseideln will be at all times an eloquent commentary on the superstition of the Swiss. In morals, I should make little distinction between the two countries; only that in the Tyrol, the people possess in their patriotism, an additional amulet.

But the difference in the personal appearance of the Swiss, and of the Tyroleans, is equally striking and remarkable. I have already said, of the Tyrolese, that a more noble looking peasantry is nowhere to be found in Europe,—in form, tall, erect, and well proportioned,—in countenance, open-browed and intelligent; while on the other hand, as many of my readers know, the Swiss are diminutive in stature, nor are any way remarkable for symmetry of form, regularity

of features, or intelligence of expression. With respect to the Tyrolean women,—they are not indeed any way so remarkable as the men; but certainly surpass the Swiss women, as much as the Tyrolean peasant excels his Swiss neighbour: and it must be recollected that they owe nothing to their dress, which is hideous. I have often fancied the Tyrolean girls dressed as the country maids of Berne, Lucerne, or St. Gall, may be any day seen at market, and have thought how different would be the exhibition of female charms.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OUTLINE OF A TOUR.

I conclude these volumes with some general directions to travellers in the Tyrol.

Professed guide books—even the best of them —are never altogether satisfactory to the traveller; and the reason of this is, that they are, with few exceptions, compilations. They tell indeed, the distances of places, and the objects to be seen by the way; but they do not tell which objects are the most worthy of being seen; nor do they give to the traveller, any distinct information, from which, upon entering a country, he may lay down a plan by which he may use his time and his purse, to the best advantage. To the Tyrol, there is no guide, good, bad, or indifferent; and

I have no intention of supplying the deficiency: yet, such being the fact, a few general observations for the direction of the traveller through the Tyrol, may not be misplaced, in the concluding pages of a work which professes to call the attention of the public to that interesting country.

The traveller may enter the Tyrol by one of these three ways, by Verona, by Bavaria, or by the lake of Constance. The last of these, I should dissuade him from, for two reasons,—the one because his first impressions of the country will not be so agreeable, as by either of the other two routes,—and the other, because he will strike at once into the middle of the central valley; and therefore, to see both extremities, it will be necessary to travel a great part of the country twice over. I would have the traveller enter therefore, either by Verona and Trent, or by Bavaria and Inspruck: and it is utterly unimportant which of the two; because if he enter by Inspruck, he will make his exit by Trent,—and if he enter by Trent, he will make his exit by Inspruck,—at

least, so I would advise him: but let me impress upon him, that, whether he enter by Inspruck, or make his exit by Inspruck, he must cross the Alps which separate the Tyrol from Bavaria, that he may visit the Wallen-see, and the Kochel-see, of both of which, I have spoken in terms of the highest commendation in the first volume of this work. But let me add, that if it be inconvenient for the traveller to enter the Tyrol by the Kochel-see, and Mittewald,—which presupposes, that he has come from Munich,—he may if he pleases, after proceeding from Lindaw to Wangen, turn to the right, to Kempten, and gain the valley of the Inn, by Füessen.

I shall now suppose, that the traveller has entered by the Bavarian side, and has reached Inspruck; and I shall furthermore suppose, that he is a traveller, who, without being pressed for time, or pinched for money, desires notwithstanding, to make the best use of both.

The city of Inspruck, need not detain the traveller longer than three days. The greater part

of one day is required for that minute examination of the Mausoleum of Maximilian, of which it is so well deserving; another day will be required for the Museums, and Churches; and one day is always needed in every town, for that general inspection which has no particular object in view.

To the traveller, who does not, like myself, desire to see every nook and corner of the country—but who desires rather, to be informed as to what is worth seeing, I would not counsel a journey down the valley of the Inn, to Kufstein and the Bavarian frontier. In this direction, the excursion may be confined to Hall, and the salt mines, —which, independently of their subterranean wonders, are surrounded by scenery which will well repay the time spent in going thither. This journey may be performed in one day,—leaving Inspruck early, so as to breakfast at Hall,—dining in the Miner's Inn among the mountains; —and returning to Inspruck without stopping. I suppose the traveller, to make the excursion en

voiture, and with two horses, whose powers are fully required to drag the vehicle up the mountain where the mines are situated.

I would recommend only two other excursions from Inspruck; the one, to Martins-wand, up the valley of the Inn: the other to the castle of Ambras; and the evening of the same day that is employed in the excursion to the former place, may be dedicated to the latter. On the sixth morning therefore the traveller may leave Inspruck, to cross mount Brenner.

At Inspruck, the traveller must hire a calèche, and one or two horses, according to the burden they have to draw, at a certain price per day: and the number of days required to return to Inspruck from the point where the traveller has no farther occasion for the carriage, will be charged: and it must be inserted in the agreement, that the driver is to maintain himself and his horses, and to pay toll bars, and ferries.

From Inspruck, I would advise the travelle to follow the route which I myself took, across

the Brenner, to Brixen; which he may accomplish with ease, in two days. At Brixen, it will be recollected, that I diverged from the great valley of the Eisach, to travers the Pusterthall, as far as Lienz; but this journey, I think may be omitted, unless a thorough examination of the Tyrol be the object in view. It would be advisable however, to remain a day at Brixen,—or rather, to sleep two nights at Brixen, devoting the intermediate day, to an excursion as far as St. Lorenzen, and the entrance to the Pusterthall.

From Brixen, one day will bring the traveller to Botzen,—and here, he must remain a few days: for Botzen lying in the centre of the Tyrol, is in fact a little capital, and exhibits strongly the manners of the people. It would be very desirable to be in Botzen during the fair which begins about the 20th of June, and lasts a fortnight,—for at this time a vivid picture is exhibited of the manners and costumes, of the different remote districts. Besides the two or three days spent in Botzen,—five must be devoted to excursions,—

one, to over Botzen; another, to the castles and ruins which lie in the environs, and which I have elsewhere mentioned; and the remaining three days will suffice for seeing a part of a lateral valley of the Adige. On the first of these three days, the traveller may reach Meran soon after mid-day; the same evening may suffice for seeing the castle of the Tyrol. The next day, will be fully occupied in an excursion two or three leagues up the Adige, to the rapids which lie between Meran and Latsch;—and the third day will bring the traveller back to Botzen. I scarcely think, a journey tracing the valley of the Adige beyond Glurns, and including a detour to the Ortler-Spitz, would repay the traveller who is desirous not of exploring the Tyrol, but of only including in a tour, its most attractive parts.

From Botzen, two very short days will carry the traveller to Trent,—and that city will occupy two days more; and the journey from Trent to Roveredo, and Roveredo itself, will occupy other two days. Let no one, who finds himself in Ro-

veredo, turn his back on the Tyrol without visiting Riva; the journey thither will occupy one day; and Riva, its beautiful plain, and the Lago di Garda will require two more. And if the traveller follows the route I have laid down, he will have seen by far the greater part of what the Tyrol has to offer; and I will venture to add,—that in the short time which has been expended on the journey, he will have seen a greater variety in scenery, than the same time would have commanded in any other country in Europe. The whole tour I have laid down, will be comprised in something less than a month. I grant, that to one who desires to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Tyrol and its people, this tour would be imperfect; the remoter valleys must be visited, and traced to their heads; the chief mountain ranges must be penetrated; and a longer time must be devoted to the manners and character of the people,—both by a longer residence in the towns, and by making shorter journies, and more frequent stoppages. But all do not travel with

such objects; and it may be agreeable to some, to be informed, that at so small an expenditure of time, a general knowledge may be obtained, of so interesting a country as the Tyrol.

THE END.

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